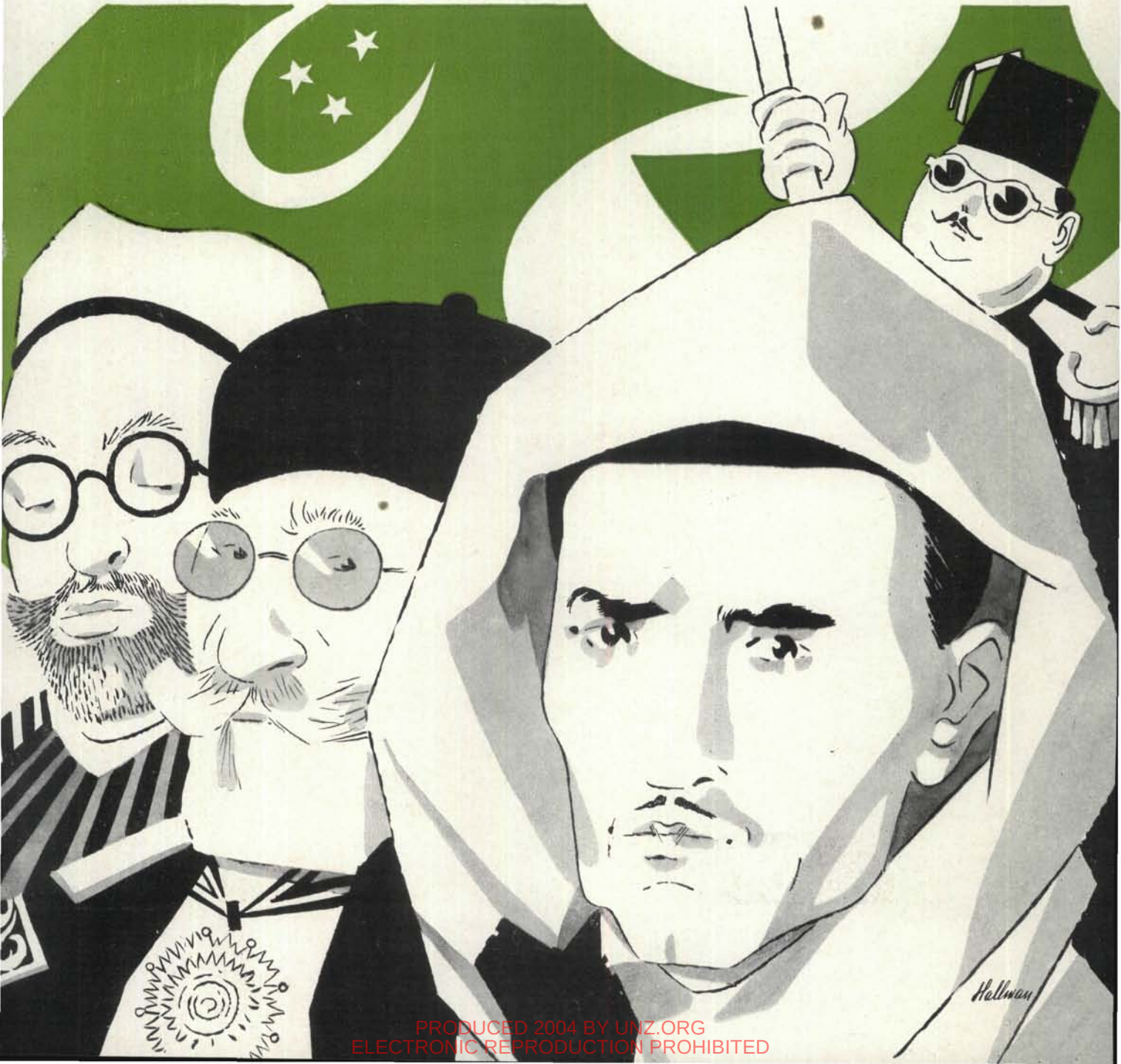
Witches' Brew in the Arab World

The Reporter

March 4, 1952 25c

The King of Libya, the Bey of Tunis, the Sultan of Morocco, the King of Egypt



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A sadhu of India (see page 17)

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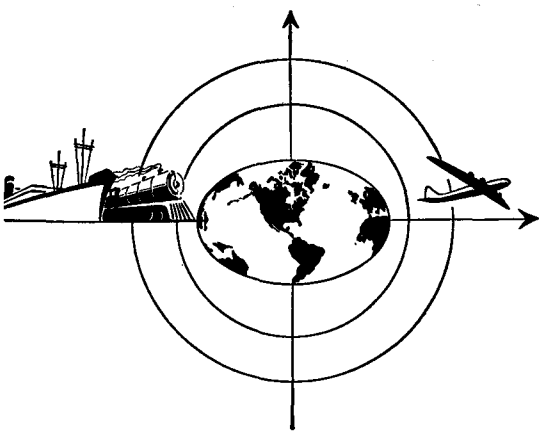

The Reporter's Notes

Time Running Out

There has been an ugly turn of events in Europe lately. The Germans are stiffening. They want their military power directly represented on the NATO council. The European army had been devised mostly as a way of using and at the same time keeping a check on German rearmament. Not only in the countries that have been ravaged twice by the Wehrmacht but in Germany itself, a good many people do not relish the prospect of a new, thoroughly independent German Army, with its general staff and, possibly, with a reborn officer class. A lot of patriotic Germans, possibly even Chancellor Adenauer, figure that two adventures in runaway militarism have been quite sufficient, and that the German people should be spared the temptation of falling in love all over again with their own military might.

Now it looks as if Adenauer is in serious danger, to use an expression that has become fashionable over here, of becoming the prisoner of his opponents. Indeed, this is a constant danger in every democracy: To keep their positions, the responsible heads of nations frequently have to give in to irresponsible rabble rousers. In any event, no matter how Chancellor Adenauer feels, his policy has stiffened and French policy, in turn, is stiffening. In France as in Germany—not to mention the United States—foreign policy is at the mercy of internal politics. The result is to make government leaders the more rigid in foreign affairs the more their prestige inside their own countries totters.

This may mean that Adenauer will, sometime in the near future, be forced out of office. In Paris, it is said that in the next Cabinet crisis, or the next-but-one, M. Schuman, the irremovable Foreign Minister, might drop out of sight. In Italy, the competition for Premier de Gasperi's job among politicians of his own party has grown quite lively.

THERE WAS no greater hope for European union than the Adenauer-Schuman-de Gasperi line. In the last few weeks, the line has started sagging.

'I Like Ike'

So far, the leaders of the Eisenhower-for-President movement have only offered the people who want Eisenhower as President a chance to get together and shout: "I like Ike!" There are many powerful reasons why millions of Americans, deeply concerned with our country's plight, like Ike. It is an insult to the intelligence of these people—and to Eisenhower's—to consider that the reasoned discussion of national affairs does not strengthen Eisenhower's candidacy.

Recently, an Eisenhower-for-President rally was held at Madison Square Garden—the first of a series of televised meetings, it was announced, to be held all over the nation. It turned out to be a rather clumsy experiment in mass hypnosis. A number of patriotic citizens who are professionals in show business—Mr. Clark Gable, Mr. Irving Berlin, Miss Ethel Merman—came to the mike one after another, said "I like Ike," and asked the audience to repeat "I like Ike." The leader of the pro-Eisenhower movement, Senator Lodge, said a few words, mostly acknowledging the fact that there was a very large crowd. Then a short secondhand speech by General Eisenhower was played from a recording.

WE MAY be incorrigibly naïve—*The Reporter* too has plainly said it likes Ike—but we think that such rallies, where the gravy of showmanship is offered to the public unaccompanied by any meat, can do Ike considerable harm. Much greater harm, in fact, than if the leaders of the movement had come out and said that, liking Ike as they do, they cannot stand the junior Senator from Wisconsin.

New Turn in Korea

It has become apparent that the Communists want a bigger and better Panmunjom—a permanent Panmunjom if they can swing it, or at least one of indefinite duration. They want endless discussions on an endless agenda. After the Second World War, just as after the First, the Russian policy was neither peace nor war. Now it has become peace *and* war—the permanent revolution and the permanent peace conference.

The Communists, of course, are playing two games. They are counting on the restlessness of our allies, who would like nothing better than a general Asian conference at which all the Asian problems of France and Britain could be discussed. The Communists are also playing in our national politics, trying to force our government into discussion of Formosa and the recognition of Red China while the Presidential campaign is on. They must be rooting for some of our Presidential candidates. Guess who?

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CORRESPONDENCE

PILL OF CENSORSHIP

To the Editor: I wish to express my disagreement with Allen Raymond's article of February 5 entitled "President, Pentagon, and Press."

His basic approach to censorship is revealed by one enlightening sentence: "Yet the whole idea of such a censorship system in peacetime is repugnant to most newspapermen and to most government officials familiar with the principles and problems involved."

Where does a supposedly enlightened man such as Raymond get the idea that this is now peacetime? We are engaged in a terrible war, in which more than a hundred thousand of our men have become casualties, and he picks words idly out of a typewriter and calls this peace.

We all believe in competition amongst newspapermen for "scoops" and "firsts," but I am definitely for a curtailment of that sporting instinct if it will mean greater security for our country, and for the men who do the fighting. We will gladly forgo the knowledge of airplane production, if by so doing we are assured that the same knowledge is denied to our enemies.

It is about time that the American public grew up and realized that the chips are down, and that all individuals, including the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate and government officials, must swallow the bitter pill of censorship, in the interest of keeping free from the total enslavement now threatening the free world. If we have faith in the basic integrity of our form of government, and in the officials whom we elect to office, we will make this necessary sacrifice.

THOMAS LIPKIN
New York City

INFLUENCE OF PROTESTANTISM

To the Editor: Dr. Niebuhr speaks with a moderation and sympathy founded on wide political understanding and religious experience in "Catholics and Politics: Some Misconceptions" (your January 22 issue). Yet he admits that "Catholicism is at its least impressive in feudal-agrarian societies, where it frequently seeks desperately to hold onto special powers and privileges which were essential in the Middle Ages but are so no longer."

Here Dr. Niebuhr refers to Spain, South America, and French Canada, where the rule of the Roman Church has been virtually unchallenged for centuries. Of Germany, France, America, and, we might add, Britain—where Catholic political thought and action have benefited from the challenge, opposition, and example of a virile Protestant tradition since the Reformation—he contends, "Catholicism is most creative in highly developed industrial communities."

Dr. Niebuhr states at the outset that he wants to attack the assumption frequent among American non-Catholics "that if Catholics anywhere had their way, they would at once build a political structure as much like Spain's as possible." Certainly only the foolish would deny that Catholicism "can act creatively in a free and responsible society," "has the freedom to relate itself to various national situations," and hence does not speak "with the same voice throughout the world." But Dr. Niebuhr's wealth of illustration can only intensify our suspicion that the basic principles of the Roman Church with regard to politics are everywhere the same: Its activities vary chiefly because its power is less in one country than in another.

GARRICK I. CLARKE
Oxford, England

SELECTIVE SPEAKING

To the Editor: Allen Raymond's article in your February 5 issue stated: "One officer in the Pentagon . . . told me he believed one of the gravest dangers to the country's military security today lay in the senseless and irresponsible competition among American newspapers to be first with the news."

The words "senseless and irresponsible" made me remember General William Tecumseh Sherman, who customarily used that kind of language about newspapermen. It also reminded me of an incident about Sherman that has significance today.

In 1864, when Sherman, at Atlanta, was secretly preparing for his famous "March to the Sea," an Indianapolis paper published a story revealing his plans. In Washington the War Department got excited, and General Grant said it was the "most contraband news" he had seen during the war. But Secretary of War Stanton blamed it all on Sherman. He and his officers talk too much, the Secretary said. "Matters not spoken aloud in the [War] Department are bruited about by officers coming from Sherman's army in every western printing office and street."

That is about the way it is today. Officers deplore the newspapermen's zeal while other officers are busily whispering news of their services' exploits in the ears of reporters.

A few months ago I had reason to call on an officer in charge of a certain weapons development. Knowing that a good deal had been published on this development, I had no idea that it was still secret. I was soon informed otherwise, but when I persisted that a story on the development had been published, the officer said, "Well, I can't talk but I'll tell you this. Rewrite that article you saw. It's all correct because I helped the reporter with it." I told a newspaper-reporter friend of mine about that experience and he responded that the same officer had told him exactly the same thing.

The point is that not only do some of our uniformed experts talk too much but that they talk selectively, to their friends, or to representatives of newspapers that they think have more influence than others. Knowing this, can anyone blame the reporter who doesn't have the inside track from prying for the story as best he can? And who is more guilty, the newspapermen or their informants? I'll go along with Mr. Stanton.

JONATHAN CARMEN
Washington

WOMEN AND WAR

To the Editor: I found Al Newman's "Essay on Battle Axes" in your January 8 issue amusing. He has graphically described the type of soldiers *some* women would make. However, my feeling is that the average woman would find no appeal in this profession—otherwise we should long ago have had women armies. And to the argument as to which sex would bring more peace, men or women, may conceivably be resolved by surveying the number of women who are now in the Army, and those who agitate for women's right to share actively (on the battlefield) in the ancient male occupation of war.

As to violence, it would seem that those most repressed and frustrated are likely to be most violent, male or female. And as for Victoria, it ought to be no surprise to anyone that she followed the mores of royalty.

With women sharing (not dominating, may it be added gently, since domination is not the stuff democracy is made of) the management of the world, how does Newman know anything of the matter, since female-male co-operation has never been tried? The pattern—familial and social—has mostly been one of domination and submission. What possible result could ensue but strife?

S. E. MACKEY
Pleasanton, California

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

A couple of issues ago we dealt with the gamble America must take on its less reliable co-belligerents. This time we turn to an even more hazardous gamble we are obliged to take—on the turbulent nations and dependencies of the Arab world. But we have a stake there too, and we cannot merely close our eyes and blindly follow British policy. In the lead article, a regional rather than a nation-by-nation approach to Middle Eastern affairs is suggested; it is followed by views of Libya, Morocco, and the nationalisms of the Near East.

Wickham Wells is the pseudonym of a government official who has worked closely with U.S. policymakers for the Middle East. . . . **Judd L. Teller** is a free-lance writer and consultant on Israel and Middle East affairs. . . . **Rom Landau** is author of several books on Morocco, including *Invitation to Morocco* and *Sultan of Morocco*. . . . **Don Peretz** has covered the Middle East for the National Broadcasting Company and the *U.N. World*. . . . **Philip Singer** visited India last year and is now in Paris. . . . **Louis R. Huber** writes for the *Christian Science Monitor*. . . . **Jay Jenkins** is on the staff of the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*. . . . **Stuart Chase** is the author of many books; his most recent are *The Proper Study of Mankind* and *Roads to Agreement*. . . . **Saul K. Padover,** writer and historian, lectures at the New School for Social Research. He served as assistant to Secretary of the Interior Ickes from 1938 to 1943. . . . **Robert J. Donovan** is with the New York *Herald Tribune* as a Washington correspondent. . . . **Caroline DeCamp Benn** is the wife of an English journalist. . . . Cover by **Hallman;** inside cover photo from Black Star; inside cover map by **Starworth.**

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MAX ASCOLI

The Frontiers of Nationalism

LONG before Point Four, one at least of our western skills proved to be universally exportable: the skill of nationalist demagoguery. In every corner of the earth, wherever there were individuals who yearned for freedom from colonial rulers, a nationalistic movement sprang up.

The identity of a nation can be evidenced by community or similarity of language, or of religion, or of customs, or of hatreds. The importation into any former colonial or semi-colonial territory of the most western type of political organization—the sovereign national state—may be initiated by dynastic rulers or by native sons who have studied in the West. The promoters of nationalism may or may not later on have their claim to leadership endorsed by those whom they call their people. But one of the most incontrovertible facts of our day is that the pattern of the national state has been adopted or is being adopted all over the earth.

Historically, the process was set off with the eruption of national states south of the Rio Grande, each imitating the American Revolution and each giving itself something like a constitution, a chief executive, and a congress. It was therefore fitting that as soon as this country took its position as a world power, an American, Woodrow Wilson, became the foremost advocate of national independence and self-determination. The Second World War and its aftermath are now bringing to a conclusion the trend that had been powerfully accelerated by Wilsonian idealism.

THE important thing is to accept this fact—the birth of new nations filling the gaps between the old ones—with neither dejection nor elation. A second fact is that the western colonial powers have been so enfeebled by two wars that they cannot turn the clock back. But there is one power that is using all its might and cunning to turn the clock back—Russia. This is another fact.

At present, we cannot expect the people who have just acquired their independence to be very much impressed by the argument that we are defending them from Soviet imperialism. We cannot hope to have them join us effectively in anti-Communist coalitions as long as the freedom they have just gained doesn't start paying dividends to the extent at least of some minimum relief from grinding poverty. If it doesn't, they will plunge from the adventure of national independence into another adventure that will take them into unrelieved Communist slavery.

We cannot forget for a moment that millions upon millions of human beings are still ridden by misery and superstition, and can by no stretch of imagination be called a people in the American or European sense—a politically organized body with its own instruments of decision and of representation. Actually, the western man's burden—what once was arrogantly called the white man's burden—has never been more crushing.

IN SPITE of all his vagaries, a man of Mr. Nehru's character is the exception rather than the rule among eastern statesmen. In other countries, we have to work with the least objectionable leaders we can find, even if they are rather seedy dynastic rulers or fanatic nationalists. The rulers may have learned to appreciate the West in Biarritz or Monte Carlo; the nationalists may have studied long enough in American or in European universities to hate and envy all that the West has achieved. But we don't have much choice: We must act as the caretakers for the great absentees, the people, who never get on the political stage except when the rabble rousers turn them into a mob.

We can, whenever we have a chance, stimulate projects of economic development of the Point Four or ECA variety. We can see to it that somehow the pattern of regionalism that has been developed in the Pan-American and, more recently and effectively, the Atlantic community, is adopted in that section of the East where we can still operate. Regional alliances can serve to assuage and check local nationalism. American airbases too, provided we don't count on them alone, can help.

It's a long, long pull. We are trying to plant something that may grow, while our enemy, on the same ground, does his best to uproot and destroy. We are engaged in what may be called social reforestation, while the enemy is interested in dust bowls. He is certainly helped by the too many deserts—human as well as physical—that are to be found in the area.

At the basis of the tireless, patient work we must do in the countries of the East, there is our belief in the sameness of human nature, which reacts in roughly the same way, regardless of the latitude or the color of the skin. For everywhere men try to find the balance between the duties that the community imposes on them and the need for a modicum of privacy and independence.

We ought to start training a large number of missionary workers who can go and want to go East—missionaries who can bring with them some of our technical skills and who know how to adapt them to entirely different conditions. We need these young men and women—thousands of them—who can at the same time be kind and tough toward the people and the leaders of the countries where they are going to work. No miracles are to be expected, aside from the miracle of work and of teaching others how to work. In their kindness and in their toughness, even more than in the grant of dollars or of technical equipment, lies the hope that the people of the East will come to recognize their own interest and our friendship.

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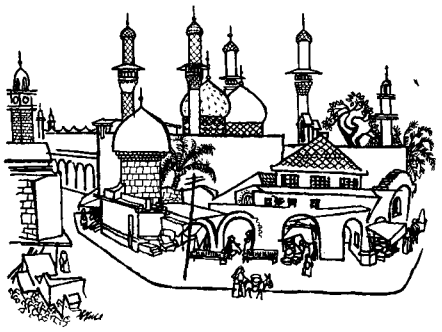
The U.S. Shapes A Middle East Policy



WICKHAM WELLS

IN THE TURMOIL of news from Egypt, Iran, and Tunis, Americans are losing sight of the fact that at last their government is beginning to shape an effective Middle Eastern policy. This was signaled in the recent Truman-Churchill discussions, which reaffirmed the plans for a Middle East Command. The Russians, in a sudden burst of strong warnings to the Middle Eastern countries, revealed their dismay. For it is on the Middle East Command that U.S. foreign policy will base its hope for strengthening the native defenses of the area.

The command involves two things: a long-range overriding concept and a short-range military plan. To date there has been only an invitation to the Arab states from France, Britain, Turkey, and the United States to unite for defense. In this sense the program will build a military structure that will be a loosely associated wing of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But in the long run what the West is doing is offering a co-operative approach to the solution of the basic social and economic problems of this underdeveloped area.

Ever since the Second World War there has been a policy vacuum between the Turkish border and the Indian Ocean, where the newly forged Pacific security system begins operating. This could lead to as serious a situation as the debacle in China, since the Middle East, caught in the web of irresponsible nationalism and neutralism, is the strategic bridge between East and West. It holds half the oil reserves of the world. Its loss would mean the loss of all Asia by chain reaction, and perhaps of Europe, too, for Europe could hardly survive without Middle Eastern oil. It is the center of Islam, whose militancy is both a cause and a symptom of the Middle East's dissatisfaction with its own political leadership and its "second-class" relationship to the rest of the civilized world.

Policy vs. Events

To say that the United States has had no Middle Eastern policy would be inaccurate. Our actions during the past four years (and for generations before that) have followed the principle that the area was and is a British responsibility. It was in our interest, diplomatically at least, to support the British position.

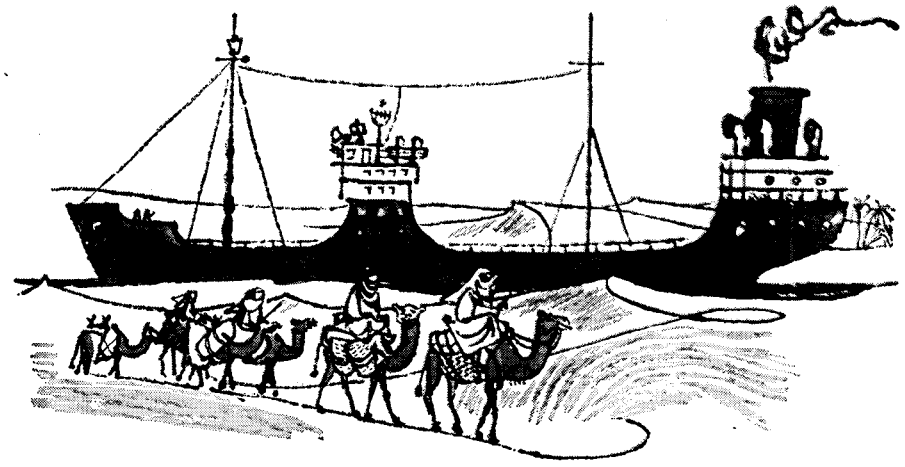
Such a policy, if it was one, did not work for two reasons: First, the British refused to recognize how vulnerable they were to Arab and Iranian pressures; second, the United States was not prepared to assume British economic or military responsibilities in the area as it had in Greece.

The violent complications of the Middle East did not impress the American public until a few years ago. The creation of Israel was an inevitable act in a drama thousands of years long, and as such it provides a highlight in history, but this is apt to make us forget the cost—the resentment of the losers. It is just this resentment which lies behind much of the neutralism of the Near East. The problem is far from solved: More than 800,000 refugees from Palestine are living, as unwelcome strangers, in tent camps in Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon.

The next blow came when the Iranians nationalized their oil industry and gave notice that they were prepared to use their traditional bargaining power between East and West to the full.

Only then did the United States offer a modest loan from the Export-Import Bank as a gesture toward encouraging the economic progress and reforms necessary for Iran's survival. Such positive measures came late. The magic of British majesty in the area had failed, and, despite U.S. efforts, xenophobia continued to drag Iran into economic disaster. Iran may be closer to Communist envelopment than even the most pessimistic observers think. The MEC's tactical defense problem would be complicated enormously by the presence of Communist forces in Iran, flanking Pakistan and Turkey.

In Egypt, too, the West's problem



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is very real and very tough. We cannot abandon the Suez area to a nation with so emotional a leadership, and whose neutralism has been avowed so unmistakably.

No Choice for the West

How, then, can our State Department help put over the Middle East Command? Just recently, when civil disorder in Egypt threatened the Egyptian ruling class, the king abruptly installed a more moderate Government. No doubt this group will stoutly maintain the position already staked out, but it has also indicated quietly its interest in maintaining a security relationship with the West. The ruling Arabs know that the West favors social evolution, rather than revolution, in underdeveloped areas. They know even better what they could expect from the Russians.

Actually, the West has no real choice when it comes to deciding which political elements to work with. Perhaps over patient years of educational and technical assistance, we may create a genuinely popular allegiance to western principles. The defense problem, however, must be dealt with immediately, and we must work with the groups that possess administrative strength. The alternative is Communist dictatorship. The entrenched and often corrupt ruling classes are thus a source of strength in the short run, and of weakness in the long term. Right now, their instinct for survival is the best guarantee we have of their help.

Until recently, when the inadequacy of U.S. policy in the Middle East was fully recognized, the regional approach received little or no attention. The British policy we supported was largely "divide and rule." Clearly a new political approach had to be found which could reconcile the conflicting U.S. interests in the Middle East: commercial interests in Iran, military interests in Suez, sterling-area considerations in Iraq, trade rivalries in Syria and Lebanon, and the absorption of immigrants in Israel.

The Israeli-Arab war produced the first western response that had clear regional implications. Largely at the prompting of the United States, the U.N. assumed active responsibility for mediation of the conflict. Soon afterward, France, Britain, and the United States guaranteed the borders of Israel (as these had been laid out by the U.N.) against forcible change by either Arabs or Israelis. A few weeks ago the General Assembly approved a $250-million three-year regional relief-and-resettlement program for refugees.

With the proposal for a Middle East Command, the regional concept came into its own. Egypt's hasty rebuff was hardly a surprise; it didn't shake the West's determination to push ahead, to defend the area if necessary without the co-operation of the Arab states. This show of determination could ultimately win open support by the Arab leaders, who have, in effect, no other choice but political suicide. As a result, most observers feel that in a few months' time the MEC will become an accomplished fact.

Our policy is aimed at more than defense. We want not mere allies but effective ones. Arabs will join us as a matter of self-preservation, but without economic development they can contribute little to the common arsenal. The objectives of the West are therefore twofold: to assure the defense of the area now, and to foster economic, political, and social progress.

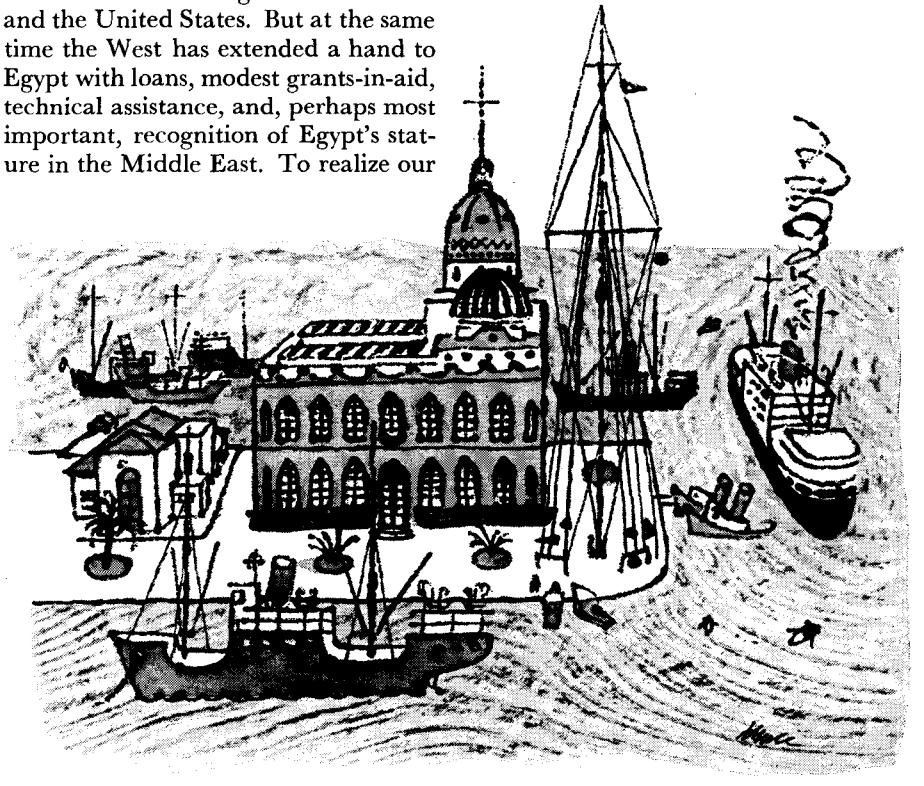
The achievement of both is not impossible. For example, Britain's defense of the Suez against the will of the Egyptian government would appear, if isolated, to be pure imperialism. It is not. Britain is acting on behalf of the West, with the full backing of both France and the United States. But at the same time the West has extended a hand to Egypt with loans, modest grants-in-aid, technical assistance, and, perhaps most important, recognition of Egypt's stature in the Middle East. To realize our double objective—economic and military—without sacrificing either our principles or our self-interest is the whole of our policy.

The War Legacies

The Near East today is largely the partitioned creature of British diplomacy after the First World War—an amalgam of imperial strategic considerations, commercial aspirations, and reluctant recompense to the Arab chieftains who had aided the Allied cause. From the economist's point of view, partition never really made sense; the regional approach is all the more logical in view of the financial disequilibrium among the various states.

For example, the Arab states (including Egypt but not Iran), with a population of about 37 million, should earn about $500 million next year in oil income, to be divided among states with a population of only about 11 million. Within ten years, net oil income may be doubled. The problem therefore becomes one of income distribution, not only among the different economic classes, but geographically as well. Countries without oil income can share in the area's growing prosperity only through a regional-investment program.

Since the regional economic organ-



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izations envisaged by our policy will clearly strengthen the region as a whole and provide a basis for closer co-operation among the Arabs themselves, they will be more readily understood and accepted. In fact, there is already evidence of budding Arab efforts to establish unity. The Arab League, fostered by the British during the Second World War, lost its original purpose but remains a forum where Arab differences can be aired if not resolved. It is no secret that strong sentiment exists in Iraq to merge with Jordan. The perennial Premier of Iraq, Nuri es-Said Pasha, is the prime promoter of "Greater Syria," to restore the unity of the Fertile Crescent of ancient Asia Minor, stretching from western Turkey along the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. The Arab businessman is also aware of the advantages of regionalism, and recently a regional Chamber of Commerce was formed, with an active program calling for regional institutions such as development banks, market-information exchanges, and unified tariff structures.

All these forces need time to be welded into a real program of regional economic development. The beginning steps involve the creation of regional currency institutions, developmental foundations, reclamation projects, and welfare, education, and health services.

The Money Question

In November, 1951, President Truman nominated Edwin A. Locke, Jr., as a *regional* ambassador to the Middle East, concerned with U.S. economic affairs. While the exact plans Locke will propose are not yet known, his own appointment and the MEC represent a changed and more promising U.S.-western policy for the area. It will be a difficult task to achieve both the long- and short-term objectives of MEC —but the short-term military structure will be of little value without long-term economic development.

In the Mutual Security Act of 1951, the United States provided funds for both objectives—military and economic. Much more will be needed for 1953. The amounts of money available for direct American aid will be relatively small, and will be devoted chiefly to technical assistance. But with the resources of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and the Export-Import Bank, the proceeds of new oil agreements, and some credits from the sterling area, the total funds available for regional development are impressive. One estimate for 1952 exceeds $400 million.

The job will not be done in one year or in two; but as an instance of how the United States is beginning to assume its proper responsibility in the area, the new policy approach for the Middle East is realistic and stands a reasonable chance of success.

The Newest State and Monarch: Libya and King Idris el Senussi

JUDD L. TELLER

In North Africa last Christmas Eve, a new state, the United Kingdom of Libya, was born, with the U.N. General Assembly as its midwife. Libya, the onetime African domain of Mussolini, came into statehood full-blown, with a constitutional king, three temporary provincial governments, two capitals, the blessings and gifts of various western Magi, the curses and imprecations of various eastern ones—and a general disbelief in the reality of the event.

In one of the two capitals, the war-battered little port of Bengasi, crowds cheered the sixty-three-year-old Idris el Senussi as he was carried to the Nanar Palace, where he formally proclaimed the independence of the United Kingdom of Libya, a federated constitutional monarchy with himself as the first of its hereditary monarchs. In the other capital, Tripoli, a larger city, there was ominous calm. It was Tripoli and the Tripolitanians who had persistently clamored for independence —unitary independence—but it was the Senussi of Cyrenaica who, thanks to their British sponsorship, had been awarded the independence of Libya, with Tripolitania "united" to them in the new Senussi kingdom.

The new state was born a pauper, but it was immediately admitted into the sterling bloc and given a ten-gun salute by the British. A good-will check of a million dollars from the United States government was expected, and no doubt arrived. The British committed themselves to meet Libya's patently incurable annual deficit—with American help of course. Thus in Libya, as elsewhere, the United States has stepped in the role of first mate to the British captain.

The story of Libya since the war has been full of paradoxes, recriminations, backing and filling by the powers, and ancient machinations covered over by resounding words. Libyan "independence movements" have been function-

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ing in Cairo, London, and Moscow, pretty much unbeknownst to the Libyans. The fact is that Libya, one of the most retarded countries in the world, is being granted statehood while its far more advanced and enlightened North African neighbors cannot get a whiff of it. Libya has already applied for a seat in the United Nations and expects to get it. In addition to being highly retarded, it is probably the most illiterate country in the world. Although the vast majority of its people do not know what a parliament or an election is, they are going to vote on February 19 in a national election for a parliament.

In a way, the whole story is more like fable than reality, a tale of the poor, neglected Cinderella state that wins preferment above all others. The new kingdom was obviously born in a great hurry, and some even say it was a shotgun birth, forced on the U.N. by several *faits accomplis.*

Several sets of urgent pressures were simultaneously at work to bring Libya to statehood. One pressure was the East-West conflict, with the West's necessity of surrounding its North African air-sea bases with secure, friendly régimes. Another pressure was an effort to limit the territorial scope of heated nationalist agitation by the Arab League, and to prevent extension to Libya of such troubles as have occurred in Egypt, Iran, Iraq, and elsewhere.

A third pressure was the simple persistence, despite everything, of old-fashioned colonialism, but with a modern twist: Some imperialistically controlled areas are no longer considered too "backward" for self-government, as used to be the case, but are now treated as more advanced than the others, provided that their form of self-government is imperialistically controlled too. Take Libya, for example. For self-government, it will require educated civil servants. Among its 1,340,000 indigenous inhabitants, there are about twenty college graduates. Obviously, it is ready for self-government.

Islands in Sand

The new Kingdom of Libya, with a population of 1,340,000 and an area of 1,100,000 square miles, consists of Cyrenaica, Tripolitania, and Fezzan, three provinces now joined for the first time. E. E. Evans-Pritchard, an authority on Cyrenaica, wrote: "The desert comes down to the sea at the Gulf of Sirte and separates Cyrenaica from Tripolitania and these two countries have always gone each its own way. Cyrenaica was linked to Graeco-Egypt, Tripolitania to Phoenician Carthage. Cyrenaica went with Byzantium, Tripolitania with Rome. Indeed, as Despois says, 'The Greater Syrtis is without dispute one of the most decided frontiers, natural and human, to be found anywhere in the world!' "

A U.N. report accurately describes the three provinces as "islands in an ocean of sand separated by several hundred miles of desert wastes." The general area is large, as large as Britain, France, Italy, and Spain put together. Mussolini, during his balcony days, made ringing speeches ordering the Italians to emigrate to Libya and dig and hammer it into a state of imperial pomp. The Italians cheered—and did not emigrate in the numbers Mussolini had hoped for, though eighty thousand were in Libya by 1938. A few grandiose edifices still stand in Libyan cities as monuments to the Fascist dream of empire.

Desirable Situation Available

Libya has no natural resources. It was said to have been wheat and vineyard country once, but the desert long ago swallowed all that up. It has no river that holds water all year round. This precludes development of industry through hydraulic power, and holds out scant promise for the country's only economic base—agriculture. Certain areas, however—the coastal belt, the hill country with its moderate rainfall, and the oases, watered by shallow wells —would, if assiduously cultivated, provide not only enough staples for the native population but a surplus of dates, wine, barley, and olive oil.

But Libya has something far more important, at least at this moment, than mere fertile land, or oil, or a literate, progressive, and freedom-loving population. It has geography. It is bounded by the Mediterranean, Tunisia, Algeria, French West Africa and French Equatorial Africa, the Sudan, and Egypt. Hence it is necessary to western global strategy.

Libyan-based air and naval forces could simultaneously police the approaches to southern Europe, protect the supply lines to Turkey and Greece, launch air assaults to the heart of the U.S.S.R. and its Balkan satellites, and provide rear-guard support to western bases on the Persian Gulf, where the Arabian oil lifeline is centered. For keeping open and guarding the Mediterranean in case of war, Britain maintains an airbase in Cyrenaica at El Adem, and naval bases at Bengasi and Tobruk. They become particularly vital now because of Britain's difficulties with Egypt and Iraq. Should Britain evacuate the Suez, it could still deploy Libyan-based land, naval, and air power in the Suez Canal Zone at the first sign of a Red assault. As for the United States, it has in Tripolitania the important Wheelus Field airbase. This base, located east of Tripoli at Mellaha, is a necessary link with other American bases, particularly the one on the French Moroccan coast at Port Lyautey and the base at Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, on the Persian Gulf.

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Wheelus Field is also a land link for American naval task forces in the Mediterranean.

While American interests in this region are only strategic, Britain and France also have political interests in Libya. The United Kingdom of Libya is the back door to France's entire African empire, and to Britain's "spare-tire" empire in East Africa, with its great reserve of cheap labor and its vast, untapped natural resources, These powers, for all of their recent scrapes, are still colonial-minded in their manner of dealing with native populations. We in America may know that the presence of our naval vessels in the Mediterranean and of our Air Force in Libya is simply part of a strategy of vigilance, and is certainly without local design or motive. Yet to the African-Arab mind, unaware of or unconcerned with the larger menace, our presence seems to be mainly for the purpose of bolstering Britain and France. That impression of us is particularly encouraged by the agents of the newest and most vicious of all imperialisms, the Soviet Union.

Here, as previously in Greece and other points where populations for a time identified us with the specific interests of our allies, it is important for American policy and information services to make clear that our alliances are military, not imperialist; to demonstrate that we are there not for the service and convenience of other nations but for our own militant and unselfish purposes—and to state forcibly what these purposes are.

Duce to Idris

Libya having been part of Mussolini's colonial empire (though Il Duce as a fiery Socialist was jailed for protesting Italy's invasion of Libya in 1911), its disposition at the close of the Second World War became a concern of the Big Four Ministers. Pending agreements, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania came temporarily under British military administration, and Fezzan under French rule. The Ministers, unable to resolve their differences, finally bequeathed the problem to the United Nations General Assembly, where it became a football of the East-West conflict, producing a mass of speeches, resolutions, counter-resolutions, and plan after plan that got nowhere.

Each of the powers has on occasion

changed its mind about Libya. Thus in 1945 Secretary of State James F. Byrnes proposed a United Nations collective trusteeship over the Libyan territories. Co-author of the Byrnes plan was John Foster Dulles. It was not adopted. About the same time, the U.S.S.R. made an audacious but, needless to say, hopeless bid for a trusteeship on its own. Almost four years later, in May, 1949, Hector McNeil, chief British delegate to the General Assembly, introduced a resolution calling for the independence of Libya in 1959, with Cyrenaica to be administered meanwhile by Britain under U.N. trusteeship. McNeil's resolution was promptly endorsed by Dulles. The latter said that he had been a co-author of the original collective-trusteeship plan, but that "hard realities" had convinced him it would now be impractical. Although the British solution was not perfect, he added, it would still be the best solution of a colonial problem that the world had yet seen. A few days later, a proposal advanced by Foreign Ministers Ernest Bevin and Carlo Sforza, of Britain and Italy, that Italy become trustee of Tripolitania from 1951 to 1959 was shelved by the General Assembly.

Meanwhile, Britain and the United States were strongly opposing a current Soviet resolution which was in essence the old Byrnes-Dulles plan in Russian, calling for a collective trusteeship of Libya. True, the situation had deteriorated since 1945. East-West relations had worsened, and America and Britain had both established fighting bases in Libya. The Russians' trusteeship proposal was obviously no more than a maneuver to get their hand into the Libyan situation. It called for Libya's strategic areas to be placed under the jurisdiction of the Security Council, which meant that Soviet or satellite delegates could intervene in Libya and break up the bases. India, Pakistan, and China (still Chiang Kai-shek's China) supported the Soviet proposal, which went down, of course, to defeat. Later that year, in September, the Soviets themselves abandoned the collective-trusteeship plan, just as Dulles had previously done, and introduced another resolution in the General Assembly, calling for the immediate independence of Libya, together with the withdrawal of foreign troops within three months. That, too, was defeated. Freeing Libya got to be a regular habit among U.N. delegates.

There is an anecdote about a Central American delegate who asked his aide to refresh his memory on his schedule for the afternoon. "At three o'clock," said the aide, "you free Libya." The delegate replied, "Impossible. I freed Libya yesterday."

Apart from these resolutions and speeches, the only persistent demand for immediate Libyan independence came from Tripoli, Egypt, and the Arab League, with fitful support from various Asian spokesmen. Meanwhile, France and Britain were at work in Libya restoring order out of wartime chaos and grooming their candidates for ruler.

Britain polished up Idris el Senussi, chieftain of the fanatical Senussi sect of Moslem fundamentalists of Cyrenaica. Exiled in Cairo for two decades during Italian rule in Cyrenaica, Idris came back during the war in response to a British invitation to fight the Italians in the Libyan Desert. Idris's effort in Libya, successful or not, was the sole contribution of the Arab world to the Allied cause. In 1949 the British named

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Idris Emir of Cyrenaica, where all of Britain's bases are located. A British Resident replaced the military governor. Cyrenaica was given home rule under its emir, Britain retaining control only of foreign and defense policies. The British began training a police force patterned after Glubb Pasha's Arab Legion in Jordan.

Not long afterward, the French in Fezzan followed suit. The French military governor became the French Resident, and a conclave of tribal chiefs dutifully named the French choice, Ahmed Bey Seif el Nasr, as chief of the Fezzani territory.

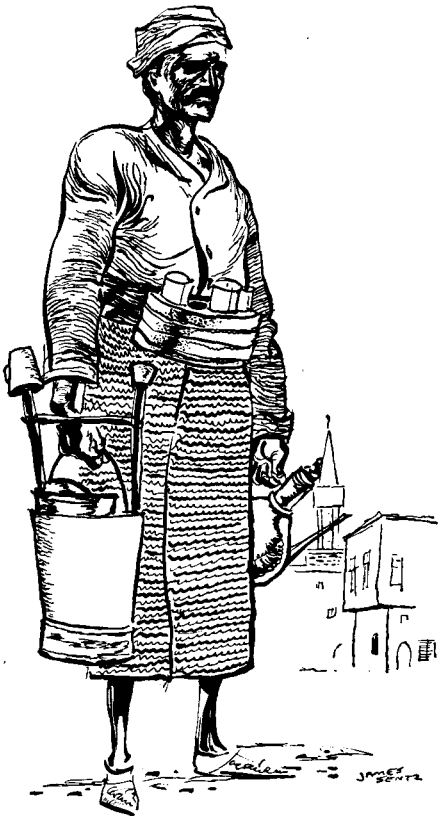
These moves forced the hand of both the General Assembly and the Cairo-trained Tripolitanian agitators. The latter realized that they had better give up their demands for a strictly unified Libyan government and their opposition to Idris, and accept a federated area with Idris as king if they did not wish to see Libya cut up into permanent French and British spheres.

The General Assembly, similarly fearful of losing face and prerogatives, voted Libya's independence by a slim margin. A U.N. commissioner, Adrian Pelt, promptly went to the territory. By November, 1950, a Libyan National Assembly had been convened; on October 7, 1951, it completed its work of drawing up and adopting a constitution. To appease the Tripolitanians who were reluctant to accept the "Cyrenaican Senussi savage" as their monarch, Tripoli was named co-capital with Bengasi.

The Libyan state has been erroneously described as a "loose" federation. On the contrary, the constitution provides for the concentration of power in the Federal government and in the king's person. The king will appoint the governors of the three provinces. He will appoint the Supreme Court, which is to act only on constitutional questions which the king himself submits to their judgment. Of the twenty-four members of the Senate, twelve will be elected by the provincial legislatures, and twelve will be appointed by the king. The king will appoint the full membership of the first Senate.

Britain's domination is assured in many ways. One of Britain's conditions for admitting Libya into the sterling bloc was the appointment of a British auditor general and a British chief financial and economic adviser to the Federal government. There will undoubtedly be other British experts in the Libyan governmental service.

The United States is in an invidious position. Vis-à-vis the natives, it will share the onus for all British-initiated actions in Libya, even those actions of which it may vehemently disapprove. With the unleashing of new nationalistic feelings, the liberated Libyans may exercise their independence by even



more violent attacks than their usual ones on minorities, such as Italians, Jews, and Berbers, who now live in terror. Furthermore, America may be caught in the crossfire of Anglo-French rivalry. The French charged, not so very long ago, that the British were abetting Arab nationalism in French Africa to deflect attention from Cyrenaica and Tripolitania. The creation and pursuance of an American policy assuring the West strategic dominance in Libya, without committing this country to British policy there, is a task which will require on the spot services of stubborn, skillful, sagacious men. It will require experts to match Britain's astute Minister to Libya, Sir Alec S. Kirkbride, a veteran of thirty years in the Middle East.

The main area of irritation in Libya is Tripolitania generally, and the city of Tripoli specifically. There are numerous local irritants, but the major irritant is external, provided by the Arab League and Egypt.

The Arab League hopes to speak some day for all Arab peoples of Africa. Egypt, while fighting bitterly to remove the British from its territory, has expansionist aims of its own. Farouk and others have been dreaming of a Greater Egypt, or, failing that, an Egyptian-dominated African Commonwealth. Egypt showed its cards in the early stages of the Libyan debate by requesting the return of territory adjudicated to Libya, by settlement, at the conclusion of the First World War. Only when Egypt realized that such a demand was incompatible with its role as champion of Libyan independence did it announce deferment of its territorial claims.

A Demagogue Appears

Libya, with its appalling illiteracy, has been forced to draw on other Arab states for help in running the government. Egyptians and Palestine refugees, retired hatchet men for the former Mufti of Jerusalem, were among the first to respond. These men, Cairo's willing tools, center around the anti-western leader Beshir Bey Saadawi, head of the National Congress Party, a party no less fictitious than all other Libyan parties.

Saadawi, an Arab League henchman who was at one time an adviser to Ibn Saud, had hopes, it is said, that Idris el Senussi would name him Prime Minister. Since that hasn't happened, he has become embittered, opposed to Idris, and more anti-western than ever. He is to be a candidate in the coming election, and his campaign is said to be financed by Egypt. Should Saadawi and his party win a majority, his first step will be to oppose agreements with Britain and the United States on the use of Libyan bases. Cairo hopes that the West would then be persuaded to yield to Egypt's demands with regard to the Suez Canal and the Sudan. Blackmail is a most popular hobby in the Middle East.

Saadawi lost no time in getting to work. He even tried to make a speech in Tripoli on the day Idris became king, but the new royal government stopped him, thereby proving that it was both royal and a government.

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The Sultan Is Impatient . . .

ROM LANDAU

TODAY the protectorate of French Morocco has become another test case in the relationship between the Moslem and the western world. The members of the Arab League, backed by 300 million Moslems in Asia and Africa, have brought to the U.N. General Assembly Trusteeship Committee the Sultan of Morocco's demand for his country's independence. As is usual in such matters, the colonial power concerned—France—has no desire to discuss the subject, and the United States is still trying to formulate some sort of a policy.

Recent U.S. policy in regard to Morocco has been governed mainly by strategic considerations. But ultimately the State Department, and not the Pentagon, must determine whether Morocco becomes another war-torn Indo-China or a useful and productive ally of the free world.

Presidents and Sultans

United States-Moroccan relations have a long history. As far back as 1787 Morocco signed a treaty of friendship with the United States. Morocco was the first Moslem country to recognize our independence, and George Washington voiced the gratitude of the American people in a personal letter to the Moroccan Sultan of the day.

President Theodore Roosevelt played a very active behind-the-scenes part in the Algeciras Conference of 1906, where he did as much as he could to defend Moroccan independence against European encroachment.

American ties with Morocco were strengthened at Casablanca in 1943, when Franklin D. Roosevelt assured the present Sultan, Mohammed V, of his sympathy with Moroccan aspirations. Two letters which the President subsequently wrote to the Sultan (not yet made public) confirmed Roosevelt's vivid interest in the future welfare of the free Sherifian Empire. The President's utterances gave the Moroccans good reason to believe that they would be able to count upon America's moral support in their struggle for independence, and undoubtedly strengthened the Sultan's position in 1950, seven years later, when he requested the French government to bring to an end the existing protectorate régime.

But today the deciding factors in the relations between Morocco and the West are the identification of the Moslem world with Moroccan aspirations toward independence and the new U.S. strategic and economic interests on Moroccan soil. Since the Second World War the United States has maintained an important naval base at Port Lyautey, thirty miles northeast of Rabat, the Moroccan capital. Because of Morocco's position at the gateway between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, a group of U.S. airbases are being constructed there. Some of these are among the largest ever built; almost $500 million is involved in the project, and thousands of U.S. soldiers, experts, and technicians are now stationed in Morocco.

The bases are by no means the only vital link between this country and Morocco. Moroccan mines produce large quantities of phosphate, manganese, lead, zinc, and cobalt; and though most of these raw materials now go to France, some are being used in U.S. armaments.

Birth of a Problem

Until quite recently very few Americans realized that a "Moroccan problem" existed. Throughout the world Morocco was regarded as a model colony, and no foreign visitor could fail to be impressed by the French achievements there. A country that before 1912 had seemed to belong to the Middle Ages has been transformed into a modern one. The French introduced thriving new industries, an efficient transport system, and modern schools and hospitals. An end was made to lawlessness and banditry, new methods of agricul-

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ture were developed, and the once frequent epidemics of typhus and cholera were eliminated. Intertribal quarrels diminished, and the authority of the Sultan and his government was bolstered.

In spite of these spectacular aspects of the French régime, Moroccan nationalism continued to gain ground, and the Moroccans clamored ever more insistently for independence. Although the Protectorate Treaty of 1912 was signed by Sultan Moulay Hafid, French rule was imposed upon Morocco against the will of the people, and the French had to fight every inch of the way. The final pacification of the country was not accomplished until 1934.

Unlike other Arab lands, Morocco had never before been conquered by a foreign power. Since the Arabs swept in, in the seventh and eighth centuries, the Spanish, Portuguese, and English never succeeded in establishing more than a few isolated strongholds on Moroccan ground. Even the Ottomans, who established their suzerainty over all the Arab countries of North Africa and the Middle East, did not subjugate Morocco.

While in the last forty years Morocco has made great progress by western standards, the chief beneficiaries have been the French immigrants who have settled there and prospered in growing numbers.

Though the primitive education of the Koranic schools has to some extent been replaced by more modern education, today there are still not enough schools for more than 7.5 per cent of the native children. Though epidemics have been stamped out, Morocco still possesses the highest death rate in the world for infants under one year—283 per thousand. Though in 1912 the French promised to train the natives for progressive self-government, the first school for native administrators was not founded until 1950, and it enrolls about sixty pupils. Natives who are employed in the administration have no executive power. There is no freedom of expression or assembly, no native trade union.

Arab and Berber

Since every colonial power must employ the principle of "divide and rule," the French followed a policy of deliberately encouraging differences between the Arab and Berber inhabitants. The more primitive and unruly Moroccans, the Berbers, who comprise most of the rural population, generally received preferential treatment at the expense of the Arabs. No genuine effort was made to introduce truly democratic processes.

Since last summer the French have been publicizing their efforts to revive the *djemmas,* or tribal councils, as "democratic" bodies. But since these councils are largely composed of rural Berbers, skeptical observers see in this move only another French effort to reinforce their hold on the already pro-French tribes to the neglect and disadvantage of the more nationalistic Arabs.

The attitude of the protectorate authorities can be summarized in the words of a famous French settler in Morocco, Pierre Parent, who wrote: "There is bad faith on the part of our colonialism, which, while asserting the very opposite, does everything in its power to retard the emancipation of the Moroccan people."

Not surprisingly, then, nationalism, which in the 1930's was a minority movement, has been growing steadily since the last war. Today the Istiqlal (Independence) Party, the largest of the nationalist groups, led by Allal el Fassi (recently on trial in Tangier), represents the will of almost all politically conscious Moroccans. Three

smaller Moroccan parties have finally been forced to abandon their hopes of coming to an understanding with the protectorate authorities and have united with Allal el Fassi in a common front. All four parties are now demanding immediate independence.

Without exception, these parties are strongly anti-Communist. In fact, for the moment Communism represents no real danger to Morocco, since most of the local Communists are not natives but Frenchmen who support nationalist claims for their own purposes.

The Moroccans: Freedom and . . .

At the General Assembly later this year the representatives of the Arab League will again press for immediate Moroccan independence. Nevertheless, the Moroccans themselves might be mollified if France were to promise them independence at a definite future date, say within five to twenty years. They would insist that in the interim period there would be a genuine effort toward preparing them for self-government under some form of international neutral supervision. If a solid promise of

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independence were given by the French and underwritten by the United Nations, the Moroccans, according to nationalist spokesmen, would be willing to sign a treaty of alliance with France, and to guarantee all French economic and financial interests in French Morocco.

Both the Sultan and the nationalists envisage the future of an independent Morocco in terms of a constitutional monarchy, somewhat on the lines of Britain's. They wish to introduce the universal franchise irrespective of sex, race, or creed, and a parliament consisting of an upper and a lower chamber. Foreigners willing to accept Moroccan citizenship would be treated on a basis of complete equality with their Moslem fellow citizens. The Moroccans are particularly anxious to re-establish the economic "Open Door" principle laid down by the Act of Algeciras in 1906, which has long since been abrogated by the French economic interests which continue to enjoy preferential treatment throughout the country.

The French: Freedom, but . . .

Realizing that the days of nineteenth-century colonialism are past, the French would like to save their position in Morocco by "integrating" the protectorate within the French Union. They claim that nationalism is an outdated concept, and that the common interests of the western world demand supranational integration rather than national separatism.

But today neither the Moroccans nor the Tunisians are likely to be much attracted by integration at least until their national aspirations have been satisfied. On the basis of their experience, they regard "integration" simply as a new and meaningless western catchword, concealing the same old policy they have found so thwarting in the past. The European record in colonial territories is not such as to reassure their inhabitants about promises that stop short of full independence.

Groundwork of Democracy

Though the Sultan of Morocco is in full sympathy with the nationalists and is their official spokesman, he is a man of great wisdom and farsightedness, and it is by no means impossible that at some future date he would lend a sympathetic ear to ideas of supranational integration. But for him, as for his people, the preliminary step would have to be complete national sovereignty and independence.

Democratic methods are by no means alien or new to the Moroccan people, even though forty years of foreign rule have weakened the individual sense of responsibility without which there can be no true democracy. While many periods in Moroccan history were marked by autocracy and feudal misrule, the tribal structure of the country was always a democratic one. Tribal chiefs were elected by free vote, and tribal affairs were conducted by democratically chosen bodies. But under the present system, when any political reforms introduced by the protectorate authorities are bound to be viewed with suspicion, there is little hope of democratizing Moroccan society. To be successful, such a process would have to be freely and autonomously worked out by the Moroccans themselves.

The French trade unions, the press, and an important minority in Parliament realize the dangers implied in a French protectorate continued forcibly against the will of the majority of the Moroccan people. But France's Moroccan policy is decided not so much in Paris as in Morocco itself. The Quai d'Orsay seems to have little power to oppose the will of a small, well-entrenched group of French businessmen and officials in Morocco. In the words of Professor Robert Montaigne, one of the leading French experts on North Africa, "[The French settlers are] avid of profit, little conscious of the great political changes afoot in the world and unsympathetic to the rapid social development of surrounding peoples."

For many obvious reasons the Moroccan problem concerns the United States vitally. The role of a mediator is always an unpalatable one, but since the entire future of the relations between the West and the Moslem world may well depend upon the manner in which the Moroccan question is handled in the coming year, U.S. diplomacy may find itself forced to adopt a more clearly defined policy.

Mediation Now or Planes Later?

Moscow is naturally hoping that we will either disregard the demands of the Arab League or sit on the fence. Given the current implacable attitude of the Arab nationalists, either of these positions might serve Moscow's purpose.

Since the unity between the United States and its French ally must on no account be weakened, the task of American diplomacy, however difficult, seems obvious: France must be persuaded that the forces of modern nationalism cannot be held down forever. On the other hand, the Arab sponsors of Moroccan independence must be made to realize that an interim period is necessary before full independence can be granted.

Violent opposition to such suggestions is likely to come from both French and Arabs. Great patience will be needed to convince either party that the wider interests of the western world demand that certain sacrifices be made by those most directly concerned with the future of Morocco.

However arduous our diplomatic task may be, it should be easier than throwing new troops and war matériel into another gap in the dike against Communism.

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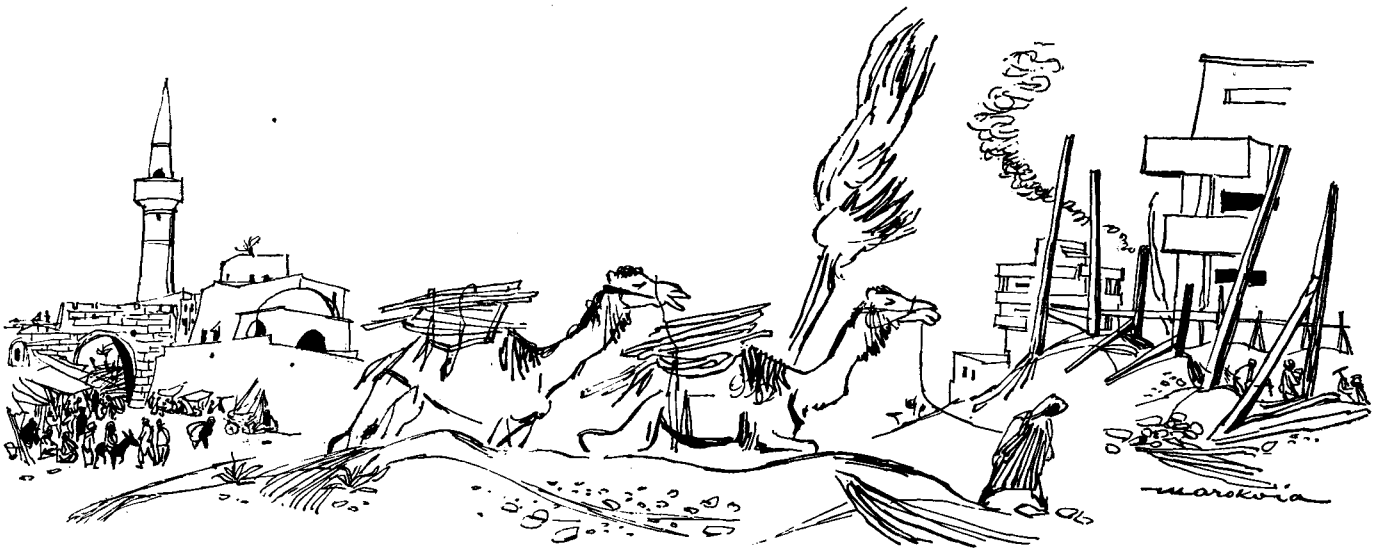

The Welter of Arab Loyalties

DON PERETZ

MAHMUD DARWISH is an unemployed auto mechanic in Bagdad. If you ask him why he joined the Iraqi forces to fight Israel in 1948, he will probably tell you: "to save our Arab brethren," or "to drive out the hated infidel." Mahmud and his former companions in arms were not fighting for the glory of a greater Iraq, Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, or Egypt. They were on a Pan-Arab or a Pan-Islamic crusade.

Mahmud's loyalties are somewhat different from those of another Moslem Arab—Ali ibn-Ali, a tribesman from southeastern Iraq who has only the most remote knowledge of Palestine's whereabouts. Likely as not, Ali has not even heard of Iraq, although he is one of its citizens and has crossed its borders dozens of times.

To Mahmud, Ali is an "uncivilized Bedouin." The contempt is mutual, yet both consider themselves good Arabs. Ali's loyalties are simple. He is a true Arab because of his tribal membership. For him that is the beginning and the end of allegiance. Mahmud considers himself a true Arab because he is "a good Moslem and a faithful supporter of the Arabs." Neither thinks much about being an Iraqi.

The loyalties of Mahmud and Ali are among the less complex of the whirling currents of allegiance in the Arab world. There we find many of the basic loyalties that are familiar to westerners today along with some which westerners abandoned before America was discovered. Still others, which we consider basic, are missing entirely.

Race and Religion

The nationalism that is submerging the Arab world flows from a fusion of Pan-Arab and Pan-Islamic currents. As a combination of ethnic and religious fealty, it generally has little to do with western notions of patriotism and the nation-state.

The comparatively recent forces of Middle East nationalism are still beset by much older tribal and religious affiliations, which have generally worked deeper into the Arab consciousness and therefore conflict sharply with the new loyalties that attempt to supplant them.

Until the latter nineteenth century, the only allegiances that could arouse more than a flicker of the Arabs' passion were those like Ali's—to the tribe and to the clan, a confederation of family units headed by a sheik. An age-old sense of difference, which still runs through the Near East, divided the clans of the settled population from the nomads or Bedouin tribes.

The average Bedouin knows little of Pan-Islam, national frontiers, or the Arab Awakening. Although his religion is Islam, it is uncomplicated by any awareness of his millions of co-religionists in the non-Arab world, such as the peoples of Pakistan and Indonesia. His is a primitive folk cult unhampered by much ecclesiastical interference.

Crossing a national frontier means as little to him as entering his tent. One of the problems that face the new Arab states is how to teach the Bedouin the sanctity of national borders—that they must not be crossed without authority from government

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officials, despite the fact that natural forces have kept the nomads freely on the move for centuries.

The closest the Bedouin ever came to an Arab Awakening was during the First World War, when Feisal (later King of Iraq) and Britain's T. E. Lawrence fomented a revolt against the Turks. But the tribesmen who joined Lawrence were motivated less by the idea of revolt than by the love of a good fight, booty, and a share of the British largess which was then being handed out prodigally.

In Arabia, King Ibn Saud has inspired the confidence of sheiks and leaders of tribal confederations, winning the position of greatest sheik of all. But he created no system of loyalty to the state of Saudi Arabia, or to the Arab nation, or to the Islamic people, but only to himself, the great sheik Ibn Saud.

Clan and Village

In the more westernized Arab countries, where there is no patriarchal chief of state—Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Iran—the nomads are thorns in the administrative bodies of government. The nomads' persistence in living under tribal law, which has governed them since prehistory, leads to frequent clashes with the national state when it seeks to impose such twentieth-century evidences of loyalty as the payment of taxes, respect for borders, and obedience to police authority.

When the first nomads began to settle in permanent towns and villages during the early Old Testament era, they retained their tribal membership, setting the pattern for basic urban and rural affiliations which still exist. Today, in many villages and small towns, the whole population belongs to one clan with the same family name. A century ago, Middle Eastern cities, few of which had more than a few thousand inhabitants, were divided into communal districts, also based on family relationships. Within the cities, blood feuds were common.

When the process of westernization got under way, thousands of peasants were attracted to urban areas, setting off the explosive population growth that turned such sleepy Oriental villages as Alexandria and Beirut into centers of cosmopolitan life. When the single peasant left his village to work in a city, he cut his clan ties and became lost in the mass of unidentified and uprooted townsmen.

But control of the cities remained with the long-established clan leaders, who joined forces to meet the pressures of the modern age. In the Turkish-administered areas of the Arab East they were given much autonomy, and loyalty was to them, not to the Turkish overlord. The latter was interested mainly in taxes, taxes, and more taxes. Although both Arabs and Turks were Moslems, there were fundamental cleavages in culture and language.

Secret Societies

Thus the soil was prepared for the seeds of Arab nationalism, sown by American and French missionaries a little more than a century ago. When the missionaries arrived in the Levant, not only was there no school system, but there was no Arabic printing in the area, and, beyond the Koran, little if any knowledge of Arab culture. By the middle of the century, the Americans were printing Arabic textbooks, which they distributed to the new elementary schools. In 1866 they opened the first modern Arabic higher educational institution, which later became the American University of Beirut. From this initial stimulation ultimately grew the Pan-Arab movement.

Soon a secret society was spreading word of the novel American political ideas and newly rediscovered Arab culture. By the beginning of this century, a number of such Arab groups had been spawned from the parent organization. Turkish maladministration under Sultan Abdul Hamid, followed by the clumsy attempts of the Young Turks to unify the sprawling empire under a rigidly centralized régime, aroused wide discontent in the Arab provinces. When war broke out between Turkey and Britain in 1914, the Foreign Office tried to supply the spark for revolt. Through the sons of the Arab Sherif of Mecca, Abdullah, Feisal, and Ali, the British made contact with the dissident Arabs, hoping to use them against the Turks. The tribesmen were lured by promises of a postwar Arab caliphate and state covering most of the Turkish Empire south of Anatolia.

The Pan-Arab movement never really penetrated to all the Sultan's Arab subjects, and a general revolt against Turkey never came off. The Bedouin forces, organized by Colonel Lawrence and Feisal, were more useful in diversionary feints than in the strategic campaigns against the Turks.

In the immediate postwar era, those Arab leaders who had supported Britain removed the wraps from the underground nationalist movement and openly assumed its leadership. They were gravely disappointed by the peace settlement, resenting the mandate system that split the Arab provinces of the old Ottoman Empire into French and British spheres of influence. The sheiks considered the borders dividing the area into Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Trans-Jordan, and Palestine artificial. If left to themselves, they kept insisting, they would have formed only one state. The only real political entity within the Arab world was Egypt, which had a continuity of government and a royal dynasty dating back to the early nineteenth century.

The chronic discontent in the Arab lands occupied by France and Britain united their leaders in a revitalized Pan-Arab movement. For a quarter of a century it flourished on a single slogan: "Get the foreign para-

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sites out." But once the parasites were removed, the movement seemed to lose its vitality, until the war against Israel temporarily aroused a new feeling of solidarity.

Toward the close of the Second World War, the league of Arab States was created, to be the spokesman and guide of the Pan-Arab movement. The high expectations and enthusiasms with which it was first greeted were soon dissipated by the failure to block Israel and by interdynastic bickering.

Would-Be Leaders

When the British and French finally left the Middle East, the rulers of the former mandates fell to squabbling among themselves over the leadership of the Pan-Arab movement. It was rumored that Farouk of Egypt had his eye on the long forgotten Arab caliphate. But Ibn Saud of Arabia, who had captured the holy places of Mecca and Medina from Abdullah of Trans-Jordan's father, would never allow the Egyptian to take over the movement; and, naturally, Abdullah objected to his father's conqueror being at its head. Abdullah had his own scheme for uniting Jordan, Syria, and Iraq. But this would destroy the balance of power which favored Egypt and also enlarge the threat of revenge against Saudi Arabia. Both Farouk and Ibn Saud were opposed to it, as were many clan leaders in Iraq and Syria, who had vested interests in preserving the national borders.

Aside from these dynastic squabbles,

the sense of national identity has little meaning outside Egypt and Lebanon. In the latter state, where a little more than fifty per cent of the population is Christian, a feeling of religious identity separates the country from the Moslem parts of the Arab world. Even in these two nations, the popular press and feeling put a major emphasis on Arab, rather than on state, nationalism.

This Arab Awakening has reached the outlying villages and rural hinterlands largely through the village mosques, and, in more recent years, through the radios in village coffeehouses. The Moslem clerics, whose influence is the most pervasive in the Arab world, strangely enough propagandize more for the ethnic nationalism of the Pan-Arab movement than for Pan-Islam. A thousand years of internecine Islamic warfare in the Middle East have created schisms too deep for any effective Pan-Islamic movement. The contempt of the fundamentalist Wahabis of Arabia, "true bearers of the word of Mohammed," for their urbanized Sunni Moslem brothers to the north, and their mutual distrust of the large Shiite minority of Iraq, have caused far too much bloodshed in the past.

The Pan-Islamic Hoax

Actually, the concept of Pan-Islam is more of a slogan than a movement. Indeed, the idea was conceived by Abdul Hamid as a hoax on the western world in the latter part of the last century. When the wily old Sultan realized that the foundations of his empire were being eroded by nationalistic separatism, he donned the holy robes of Caliph of Islam, hoping to rally his Moslem subjects and at the same time win the respect of the West for his ecclesiastical office.

Although he convinced many westerners that he was "Pope of Islam," the Moslem world reacted coldly to the new doctrine. The whole idea of an organized Pan-Islamic movement collapsed by 1924, when Mustafa Kemal abolished the caliphate. Two years ago, a Pan-Islamic conference was held in Karachi, Pakistan, but it was no more decisive than most international conferences for Protestant unity. Other Moslems even suspected that the conference was an unsuccessful attempt by Pakistan to assume world leadership of Islam.

In the Middle East, clerics and politicians have tried to press all loyalty to Islam into the Pan-Arab mold. So today a faithful Moslem in the Middle East is one who pays lip service to the Pan-Arab movement. The most fanatic Moslem religious zealots are also the most fervent nationalists. But the reverse is not necessarily so. The wings of the Pan-Arab movement are wide enough to cover many irreligious Communists, Christian nationalists, and Arab culturalists. Since the Arab League has been discredited, the only unifying force is the negative xenophobia that cuts across most loyalties in the Middle East today. It manifests itself in zealous anti-western fulminations from the leaders of the Communist underground, the Greek Orthodox Church, the Moslem Brotherhood, and the national volunteer forces hacking at the British in the Suez Canal Zone.

Anti-Foreignism

The negative forces of Middle Eastern nationalism have been seized upon by many of the clan leaders in the hope that they can use them to deflect attention from the cracks that are appearing in their anachronistic feudal social system. Their affinity for the old order makes them natural allies of the most conservative and fanatic religious zealots, but strange bedfellows indeed for the young Communists.

The stream of loyalties in the Middle East often turns into a confused whirlpool of tribal, clan, religious, ethnic, and national crosscurrents from which only one thing emerges clearly—a purely negative anti-foreignism.

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The Five Million Holy Men of India

PHILIP SINGER

INDIA'S unprecedented four-month-long general elections were expected to bring many surprises, but one of the most startling events occurred in the constituency of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister, leader of the Congress Party and political heir of Mohandas Gandhi. Nehru was seriously challenged for his parliamentary seat by a bearded holy man who had taken a pledge never to utter a word.

Only a sadhu—holy man—could have contested Nehru's unique prestige in this way, for India's sadhus are surrounded by an aura of crowd magnetism, sex appeal, and infallibility that could be equaled in the United States only by a man combining the attributes and achievements of Walter Winchell, Errol Flynn, and Douglas MacArthur. Indeed, even these names cannot convey the significance to the nation's history held by sadhuism in India. Its importance to the conduct of that country's every-day affairs may be further gauged by the fact, according to the admittedly hazardous available estimates, there are five million sadhus—or one for every sixty-two Hindus.

It is especially difficult to make an accurate census of sadhus because there is no hard-and-fast classification of a sadhu, and no Indian church in the same sense that western religious denominations have become institutionalized. There are, instead, about ninety-two loosely grouped sects and religious orders, including such esoteric ones as the numerically small, militant, naked Nagas and the Jains, the more orthodox of whom always sweep the road in front of them wherever they go to avoid killing any living thing.

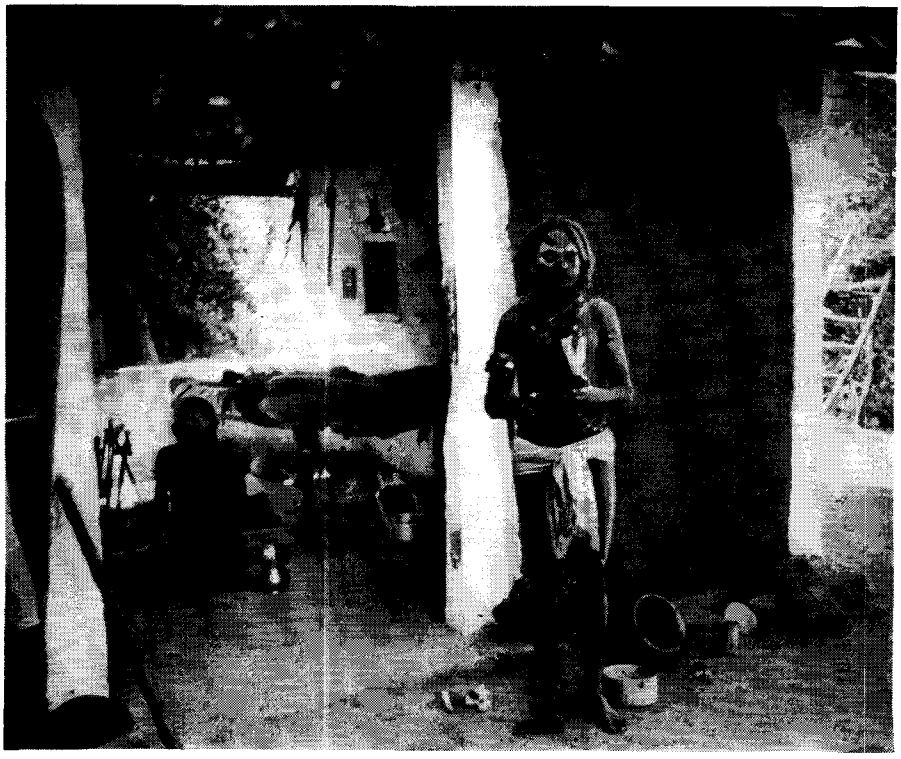
Generally speaking, a sadhu is any self-styled holy man, regardless of order or sect, who lives a life of poverty and celibacy and claims to be a Realized Soul, or one who need not pass through the Hindu cycle of 333,000 rebirths.

Last year I spent about six months living with and moving among the sadhus. During this time I was able to observe the tremendous influence they wield, and their self-interest in keeping the masses in a state of suspended spiritual primitiveness. Some western observers think it is as much due to the influence of the sadhus as to any single factor that the Communists have made so little headway with India's people, over ninety per cent of whom live in the nation's 750,000 villages. The correctness of this judgment seems to be borne out somewhat by the ideological hatred with which the Communists regard the Hindu holy man. One Indian Communist I met bitterly compared the sadhus with the protected, parasitic monkey population, which numbers about fifty million. He was equally vituperative about the reputedly fantastic amounts of unaudited wealth belonging to the sadhus.

Male Chastity

As the friend of a prominent and worldly minded sadhu I traveled with sadhus to various parts of the country, listening to their speeches and observing the people's reactions. For over a month I lived in a Hindu temple on the banks of the holy Ganges.

Of the seven holy cities in India, Hardwar on the Ganges is considered by many to be the holiest. The sale of



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meat, eggs, and fish is strictly prohibited, and Christian missionaries consider the area to be one of the darkest on the subcontinent. The footbridge that crosses Mother Ganges bears a rusted tinplate sign which says, in Hindi, Urdu, and English: NON-HINDUS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO USE THIS BRIDGE. But probably because my appearance on the holy bridge and holier promenade was so unexpected, no attempt was made to stop me. A local officer of the Criminal Investigation Department told me I was the first white man in his memory to use the bridge and the waters of the ghat.

I remember discussing one evening the notion of *brahmacharya,* or celibacy, as it is thought of today, with a young practicing *brahmachari* who expected shortly to take the robes of a Sanyasi sadhu. We were sitting on the stone steps of the Harki Pauri ghat. The holy Mother Ganges was bathing our feet. A crowd had collected around us, and its members eyed us respectfully.

After first vigorously blowing his nose and spitting copiously into the river, the *brahmachari* drank several handfuls of the water. Then meditatively he said: "The one who practices *brahmacharya* is living up to the highest ideals of India.

"There is no hope for America as long as you eat meat, don't wear *khattcha* [a sort of male chastity belt], don't get up at four in the morning, and don't learn the sacred Vedas." The sacred knotted tuft of hair on his shaved head bobbed violently. Suddenly the crowd scattered as if a cyclotron had been let loose on it. One of the many cows that promenade the Harki Pauri had made a halfhearted charge in our direction.

That ended my lecture on *brahmacharya.* But I was to hear the same notions expressed many times again from other disciples and sadhus in about the same words. From a physical discipline meant to enable one to fix his mind on Brahman, the Supreme Impersonal Cosmic Principle, *brahmacharya* has become a sort of nationalist xenophobic physical-culture cult.

Foot Fetishism

From Hardwar I accompanied a party of sadhus to a typical north Indian town in the Punjab. All arrangements had been made by the chairman of the local Satsang Samiti, or Religious Worship Society, for our reception and two-day stay.

Along with the prestige that went with being the head of such a hundred per cent Hindu organization, the chairman earned additional respect by holding the post of chief clerk in the Criminal Investigation Department. This triple role of government functionary, wealthy private businessman, and member of the local Samiti is characteristic of constitutionally secular India's Main Streets. The Satsang Samitis have also taken on the character of a sort of Hindu Masonic organization, whose influence extends beyond the temple walls and into the dung-plastered huts of poor peasants, the dark rat-infested godowns of rich merchants, and caucus rooms of vying political parties.

In the Punjab town, both merchants and peasants turned out to cheer us, garland us, and pelt us with devotional flowers when we arrived at the railroad station. The first crescendo of cheers such as "Hail to the saffron-clad heroes!" and *"Swamiji ki jai!"* (meaning "Victory to the sadhus!") still vibrated in the air as a group of elderly maenads, some with babies in their arms swarmed into the station. Several tried to touch the infants to the sadhus' bare feet, believing that such contact would magically give the children spiritual merit.

Outside the station, a dilapidated two-horse carriage was waiting for us. There was a brief, silent jockeying for position among the three sadhus to see who would enter first. Finally the three of them, the Hindu Babbitt, and I all squeezed in, swearing together in the hundred-degree heat, and the drive through the town began.

Occasionally, our Babbitt devotee would stand up in the landau, hitch up his dhoti, and bellow at the crowd that clustered about us like flies about a watermelon, *"Swamiji ki jai!"*

In the momentary lulls that followed the shouted mass repetition of the cheer, he would announce details of the meeting that night.

Presently our procession entered the bazaar area. There the twenty-five-piece municipal band marching in front of us, led by a dhoti-clad, turbaned, barefoot bagpipe player, served the same purpose as a flying wedge. It cleared the route of suckling sows, dogs, playing children, and sleepy-eyed, indecisive cows. Men rose from their squatting ablutions in the street, or from their rope cots, to join their hands prayerfully before them and bow their heads. Others interrupted their meditative smoking to do the same. Women and children ran to touch the sides of the carriage.

In the twenty yards that we had to traverse on foot from the carriage to the temple, there must have been at least a hundred people, mostly women, who rushed to kneel and touch and kiss our feet. Even though I was dressed in blue slacks, a sport shirt, and blue suede shoes, it was assumed that since I was in the company of sadhus, I too must be some sort of Great Soul. My feet, too, became objects of worshipful attention. This happened to me time and again while I was with the holy men.

My reaction was to regard it as a manifestation of the tremendous primitiveness of the Indian people, especially after I had seen people putting the sadhus' food droppings into their

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mouths and rubbing the dust from sadhus' feet into their eyes. I asked one sadhu about this.

"The mouth of the Sanyasi is truth, says the *Skanda Purana,*" he pontificated. The *Puranas* he quoted are the ancient myths and legends of India. Radhakrishnan, eminent Indian philosopher who is now ambassador to Russia, says the *Puranas* contain "the truth dressed up in myths and stories to suit the weak understanding of the majority. The hard task of interesting the multitude in metaphysics is [thus] achieved . . ."

This is a good example of how many educated Indians equate their own sophistication with the illiterate, simple primitiveness of the people. Although Indian philosophy and systems of thought may be the most profound, comprehensive, and innately spiritual ever conceived by the mind of man, it is to the primitive mythology of ancient India, expressed in the Rig-Veda and the *Puranas,* that the average Indian turns for spiritual solace.

The overwhelming box-office popularity of Indian mythological films gives further evidence of this.

"A Divine Feast for the Eyes and Ears of Man," says the blurb for a film about the god Krishna. The advertisement offers, as an extra attraction, "Surendra, a new find, as Krishna."

One of 1951's most popular features was billed as: "Roop Kamal Chitra's Mightiest Mythological Masterpiece. Ten Stories in One Great Film. For the First Time upon the Screen—Stories of All 10 Incarnations of God in One Big Film."

It is from the villages especially that mythological films draw their greatest audiences. Peasants come from miles around, and sit through as many showings as time and money permit. They believe that each time they see the film they wipe out some of their sins and reduce the number of their lower reincarnations.

'American Mahatma'

On the evening that we reached the Punjab town, it seemed as if the sadhus were an even greater attraction than the cinema. Pressed buttock to buttock and thigh to thigh, some three thousand people squatted and gazed upward toward the dais where the three sadhus and I sat crosslegged. Outside, another two thousand people huddled

together to listen to the words of the sadhus over loudspeakers. Any lingering doubts about my presence were dispelled when the chairman described me as an "American Mahatma."

The temple decorations consisted mostly of many mythological religious paintings by Ravi Varma. This artist, who died in the early 1900's, is the Rubens—or Petty—of the Hindu Pantheon. His goddesses all fit the classical description of the Indian woman given in the religious epic Ramayana, and his gods all resemble beefy halfbacks posing for a group photograph. Every Hindu temple and every Hindu home, regardless of sect, has a few cheap Ravi Varma oleograph reproductions before which *puja,* or ceremonial sacrifice, is made.

The temple itself was full of tinsel and bright colors. Altar adorment was achieved by long cords of colored bulbs strung over the dais.

While a hefty Hindu busied himself replacing burned-out bulbs and fussing with the public-address system, the evening's sadhu song leader led the crowd in repetitious singing of the name of the gods.

The most favored deities in song are Ram and his divine spouse Sita. They have been immortalized in the Ramayana, which is known from the northern Himalayas to India's southernmost tip, Cape Comorin. It has been translated into not only the sixteen main languages of the subcontinent, but also into most of the three hundred or so dialects.

It is in the Ramayana that the status of the sadhu as being greater than the gods' is clearly revealed, in the section where Ram and Sita wash the feet of the holy man Vasishta. The sadhus' eminence is further made clear in the Code of Manu, which, because it is thought to be a product of the so-called Golden Age of India, is generally given the status of scripture. Manu says of the sadhu that he is the highest being in the three worlds—upper, lower, and our own.

Sadhu Dos and Don'ts

It was perhaps with Manu's description of the sadhu in mind that the first speaker began:

"Sisters and brothers, today you have the greatest fortune in being given instruction by a sadhu."

Then for the next forty minutes he dealt in a haranguing manner with those subjects of which one can always be sure a sadhu will speak: How you can live in the world and attain God. How to be a true *bhakti* (devotee). The meaning of the Hindu *dharma* (Purpose of Life). Dos and Don'ts.

Among the Don'ts that every speech is almost bound to contain are the following: Don't eat meat. Don't kill cows. Don't go to any moving pictures except mythological ones. Don't dress in the English manner. Don't drink wine. Don't engage in frivolous talk. Among the usual Dos are: Do make much prayer. Do attend the kirtans and bhajans (prayer meetings) of sadhus, and do give money to sadhus.

These days it is also considered correct for the sadhu to make some comments on the internal and international political scene. On this occasion, the sadhu delivered an indictment of materialism in general and America in particular.

"When America attacked Korea," he said, "the Chinese, who were styled by the Americans as apes, made an army out of nothing and threw back the armed might of the Americans. You

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should also remember that apes defeated Ravana . . ."

The use of the word "ape" in this context has a double-barreled effect. On the one hand it stirs up Asian race feelings. Also it recalls Hanuman, the simian worshiped today in India as the greatest devotee of Ram. It is because of this same mythological Hanuman that the monkey population of India is protected and revered.

The sadhus have also taken a leaf from the Russian book of firsts in inventions. It is not uncommon for a sadhu to tell his audience that India already was in possession of the airplane and atomic bomb when inhabitants of America were still using stone knives.

For the articulate sadhu, America is possessive, aggressive, and, worst of all, does not believe in renunciation or spiritualism. Sitting crosslegged on his tiger skin, a *mahant* (prior) of one of the more wealthy monasteries in Hardwar told me that America wants to subjugate India, to spoil the people by stressing *bhoga* (enjoyment) at the cost of *tyaga* (renunciation).

Darshan

As soon as the evening meeting concluded we were taken to the house of a rich *seth,* or merchant, for our vegetarian dinner.

With every extra helping of food we took, the merchant's whole being seemed to quiver with ineffable happiness. His sense of well-being seemed to increase with every peremptory demand we made and with every throaty belch we emitted.

The meal over, the women of the house, still sweating from their labors in the kitchen, entered to receive the sadhu's *darshan.*

That meant that they grouped themselves around us and through the concentrated devotion of their gaze tried to absorb us into their own selves much as a sponge absorbs water. It was the closest thing I had ever experienced to being eaten alive by someone's looks.

Darshan's place in the life of the average Indian is immense. People will travel miles to receive the *darshan* of someone they think to be a holy man. Friends of Indian spiritualism have defined it for me as "the spiritual perception an individual derives from looking at a Great Soul."

For myself, I see it as a visual afflatus, more physical than mental, whereby one hopes to acquire, through a sort of visual rubbing of shoulders, some of the magical powers said to be possessed by a sadhu.

There are eight such magical powers attributed to the sadhu in the Atharva-Veda, a part of the holy scriptures. These powers are:

The sadhu can be light as air.

The sadhu can be as heavy as earth.

He can achieve any desire by thinking of it.

He may enjoy any object he wants, including women.

He can appear at any place in the universe and at any time.

He can become invisible.

He can go into any other body.

He can create as many bodies as are needed by him to work out his *karma* (past actions) in his lifetime, thus making it unnecessary for him to be reborn.

The next day, throughout the morning and afternoon a steady stream of women, young and old, came to our rooms to receive *darshan* and *upadesh,* or religious instruction, from the sadhus. Occasionally some men would come to discuss esoteric points in the Ramayana or Bhagavad-Gita.

I was staying in the room of the youngest sadhu. He had been educated in Europe and had returned to India to join the Shankaracharya order of Sanyasi.

The young women who came to our room looked at him with open, frank, appraising glances. All had pierced and bejeweled earlobes and nostrils. Here, as in other places I had been, the questions asked and the answers given followed the same pattern.

A widow asked, "What should we do if the world is unkind to us and my dead husband's family gives me nothing but kicks?"

"Receive the kicks as a boon," said the sadhu, "and concentrate your attention on God."

An old crone, after an inordinately long obeisance on all fours, supplicated, "How can I hope to achieve final spiritual emancipation, while I am yet in this world?"

"Mataji" (Mother), replied the sadhu without hesitation, "you must take the name of God, make regular *puja,* and obey the teachings of the Gita."

The rings on her toes flashing in the late afternoon sun, a young, voluptuous-looking girl slowly walked toward the sadhu. Bending to the floor, she nuzzled the sadhu's feet with her head for a moment. Then, squatting on her haunches, she intently ogled him until the whites of her eyes seemed to swallow up the black pupils.

"Swamiji, how can I better concentrate my mind on the Deity?"

"Baheenji" (Sister), he said, "you must have faith. If you have that, concentration will come."

Loss of *Punya*

When we were alone, I told the sadhu I was surprised by the sensual attitude of the women. He smiled and said, in his Oxford accent, "You know, if a woman has intercourse with a sadhu she will lose all her sins. Of course the sadhu loses all his acquired *punya,* or spiritual merit."

He turned from me to accept with cupped hands a *prasad* (offering) of flowers from a thin, wiry-looking peasant.

The votive ceremony over, the peas-

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ant sat on the floor, staring at the sadhu's face. Finally he spoke:

"Maharaj [great king], I have committed a terrible sin."

"What is it?"

Silence.

"Have you killed a Brahman?"

"No."

"Have you killed a woman?"

"No."

"Have you killed a cow?"

"No."

"Then what is your great sin?"

Again there was a silence, broken only by the slightly rasping sound of a plow-calloused hand massaging an equally calloused foot.

"Maharaj, I have been married for the last five years and since that time instead of praying to God every night, I have slept with my wife. Maharaj, please do something."

The peasant's concern over his behavior was perhaps as much due to the legacy of asceticism left by Gandhi's teachings as to anything in traditional Hindu beliefs.

Slowly extending his hand in the classic sign of benediction used by Catholics in the West, the sadhu said:

"Yes, you have committed a great sin. But now you must make much *japa* and prayer, give to the sadhus, and your sin will be absolved." Here he quoted a holy aphorism: "It is said that if because of your *karma* you are to be stabbed by a sword, by making proper penance you will only be pricked by a needle."

Waning Prestige?

Back in the capital of India, in the fashionable, air-conditioned Alps restaurant, where the latest scandals and seductions, rather than sadhus and spirituality, are discussed, I related some of my experiences and conclusions to Indian friends. I also started discussions in the India Coffee House—the less fashionable but more fiercely intellectual gathering place of New Delhi's journalists, artists, incipient philosophers, and students.

There was general agreement among these intellectuals that the sadhus, their influence, and what they represent in terms of superstition are on the wane. This fact of their declining prestige is difficult for a foreign observer to grasp, but I had heard many sadhus who lived up to their vows comment sadly on it. They attributed it to the material impact of the West upon India, and to the inferior types of individuals who are taking up sadhuism as a loafer's profession, rather than as a spiritual way of life.

But aside from a small minority of Indians who enthusiastically applauded me for having "seen through all this fake," by far the larger and general reaction was one of injured national pride and dignity. I encountered this wherever I went, from doctors, submagistrates, police inspectors, industrialists, and professors—in fact, on almost every level of the so-called Indian middle class.

These people's arguments followed a definite pattern. I would be accused in turn of being unsympathetic, of not having an understanding of Hindu philosophy, and finally of being a materialist.

In one of these discussions a medical man quoted Radhakrishnan to me. "The one fact of life in India is the Eternal Being of God." For a moment he let me mull this over, and then he went on: "Of course there is much backwardness and ignorance among our people, and the sadhus of today are not what they were; but if you have traveled at all in India you must admit the spiritual quality of the Indian people."

When I pressed for tangible proof of this spirituality, he said: "It is something innate, that is there even though it may not be possible to see concrete examples of it. But if it is proof you insist on, I can only point to the fact of India's survival for five thousand years. And still there are saints in India, whereas there are none in other countries."

A graduate student in Sanskrit and Indian philosophy told me I was ignoring the "*bhavana* factor," so prominent in the Indian people. This he defined as the "emotional setup necessary to appreciate spiritualism." It was the lack of the "*bhavana* factor" in the make-up of westerners, he said, that made it so difficult for them to appreciate India's spirituality.

With the coming of independence, many observers thought the "spirituality" of India would be de-emphasized. Just the reverse seems to have taken place. Independence having so far failed to solve the material problems of a poverty-stricken people and an economically underdeveloped country, the themes of Indian spirituality and of the West's spiritual degeneration are being emphasized.

Official impetus was given to this sentiment recently at the dedication of the government-reconstructed temple at Somnath on India's west coast. Press, radio, public orators, and public figures combined to report, comment on, and publicize the occasion. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Indian Republic, several Cabinet members, and the chairman of the Congress Party delivered speeches.

Over 100,000 people attended. The President, in his keynote speech, declared, "That which the people want should live could never be destroyed." This, then, was why Somnath, representing the people's spiritual faith, had been rebuilt by the government of a nominally secular state.

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Columbia Basin Power: Will Congress Throw the Switch?

LOUIS R. HUBER

THOSE WHO live in and around the huge, jagged basin of the Columbia River—which covers most of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, and parts of British Columbia, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada—have in the past decade accustomed themselves to thinking in terms of staggering statistics. In that time the area's population has increased forty-one per cent; today it smelts half of the nation's primary aluminum; its geography and climate give it the potential of producing half of the nation's hydroelectric power.

The last statistic may not be surprising even to Americans from outside the Columbia region, for most of them have probably heard of the enormous dams at Bonneville and Grand Coulee. What they probably have not heard is that, despite the dams now in operation and despite its potential, for the past four years the area has suffered serious power shortages, which recently have been hampering our already lagging aircraft-production program.

Only three million kilowatts of the Columbia area's enormous 34-million-kilowatt potential is at present being turned into electricity. This disparity, which is to a considerable extent due to shortsighted obstructionism from within the area in the past, cannot possibly be corrected in time to give our defense effort the enormous lift that it could and should be given by more electric power in the next year or so.

Cold Smelters, Slow Clocks

Last summer there was less than the usual rainfall in the Pacific Northwest. By September the Columbia's water level was so low that electricity to the aluminum smelters had to be shut off for a time; the aluminum congealed in its crucibles, and the nation's production of the metal fell off six per cent in that month. General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, announced early in November that plane production was falling behind because of the shortage.

Defense Production Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson had previously suggested that the Pacific Northwest's aluminum plants be moved elsewhere. He was reminded that no other region had surplus electric power available.

While the aluminum "pot lines" were cooling down, the residents of Seattle, Portland, Spokane, and other cities were being warned that there might be a long brownout this winter—no current for neon signs or for nonessential industries. Pacific Northwest householders, who pay very low electric rates and use twice as much current as the national household average, were exhorted over the radio and in the newspapers to "take it easy" during early-morning and early-evening peak-load periods.

Similar appeals had been made during the past four winters. In 1948, in spite of appeals and curtailments, the Northwest Power Pool was so overloaded that the generators actually were slowed down; the alternating-

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current frequency dropped from 60 to 59 cycles per second, and consequently electric clocks lost time. In 1948 this didn't make much difference to the rest of the nation. But today the United States is trying to arm the free world.

Plans and Power

The fact is that it is impossible to "turn on" a great river valley the moment its power is needed; plans must be made years in advance and methodically carried out. Today only a few of the many plans for the Columbia Basin have been realized, and on the United States side of the border only about ten per cent of the Columbia's estimated electricity potential is being generated. This gap has irritated some Northwesterners for years.

The late Rufus Woods, editor of the Wenatchee, Washington, *World,* began beating the drums for Columbia power ahead of most others and around 1918 proposed construction of the now-famous Grand Coulee Dam. Woods paid the salary of a lobbyist in Washington for years without results. Congressmen and Senators just weren't interested in a project that seemed fated to benefit a distant desert. It did Woods no good to tell them Columbia Basin development would provide water for irrigation of that desert, and that the dam would eventually make navigation possible for ocean shipping as far east as Lewiston, Idaho.

But the Columbia Basin finally did get a break—with Roosevelt's New Deal and its public-power plank. Under the New Deal, Bonneville Dam, near Portland, and Grand Coulee Dam were built—not just as hydroelectric projects, but with irrigation, navigation, flood control, and the conservation of wildlife also considered.

In the light of today's power shortage, the construction of the dams seems perfectly logical, but to many people it

didn't when they were building. Grand Coulee was tagged "the biggest boondoggle since the Pyramids." The favorite query of local anti-New Dealers was: "Where will all the surplus power be marketed?"

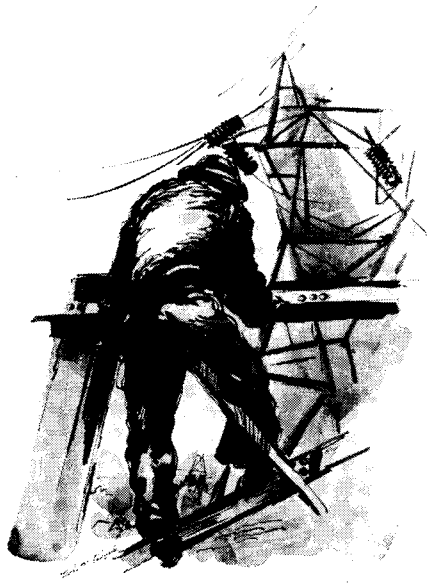
By the end of the war the need for further development was so apparent that the Army's Corps of Engineers and the Department of the Interior were given more than $5 million to make new surveys of the region. The resulting reports led to an interdepartmental agreement which resolves the ancient rivalry between the two agencies by assigning to the Engineers projects largely involving navigation and flood control, and to the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation those involving irrigation. Both agencies are to give high priority to hydroelectric development. Present plans envision 387 more hydroelectric projects costing upwards of $7 billion, which would bring the output of the U.S. side of the Columbia Basin to its full potential of nearly 169 billion kilowatt-hours of power annually.

Enter the Eightieth Congress

Such development still seems a long way off. The Eightieth Congress set the pattern of frustration here as it did elsewhere. Representative Ben Jensen (R., Iowa) led the attack in the House Appropriations Committee, under the approving eye of Chairman John Taber (R., New York). With "economy" as the motive, the Jensen-Taber team blocked appropriations that would have enabled development of the basin to keep pace with the region's growth. The Portland *Oregonian,* in an editorial analyzing Jensen's hatchet work, estimated that the Pacific Northwest had lost $20 million in annual proceeds from the sale of electricity.

After this two-year setback, the Eighty-first Congress tried to put the Columbia projects back on schedule, but found them thrown out of kilter even more severely than the *Oregonian* had charged. In the interim, construction costs had risen tremendously. The most expensive penalty of all, of course, was the slowing down of today's defense production. Representative Hugh B. Mitchell (D., Washington), the staunchest advocate of public power on Capitol Hill, estimated the cost to the nation thus:

"The penalty for disagreement, lo-



cally and nationally, can not be measured alone in forever-lost kilowatt sales or in the inflated cost of defense-period construction. It can be measured only in retrospect when some future accounting will indicate what failure to attain an expeditious and coordinated construction schedule has meant to the defense effort. With metal shortages which could be met if power were available, we know the penalty will be tremendous."

Upriver vs. Downriver

Last June, Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman pointed out how deadly local disagreements are to the national interest when he told a Portland audience: "If there are bitter arguments between the upriver people and the downriver people . . . or if there is too much argument among the states concerned, the Federal government often has little alternative but to wait until the groups can get together. . . . I could tell you that recent cuts in appropriations for the Ice Harbor, The Dalles, Albeni Falls, and McNary Dam projects are to a considerable degree the result of a lack of unity among the people of the Columbia Basin."

Chapman's statement was given point when Representative George A. Dondero (R., Michigan), leading minority member of the House Public-Works Committee, declared he had grave doubts as to whether the Pacific Northwest defense-production crisis was not "artificial and bureaucratically inspired."

Dondero then suggested the possibil-

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ity of making the aluminum companies in the Columbia Basin build their own steam-driven power plants. He also suggested looking into the possibility of using the Southwest's natural gas for making aluminum. Both suggestions completely ignore the fact that the cost of the Pacific Northwest's hydroelectric power (as low as two mills a kilowatt-hour to industrial users) is so cheap it can't be beaten, and that the power is still there in undeveloped abundance.

Public-power proponents see in Dondero's suggestions the hand of private power interests who want to do their own developing of the Columbia and other basins. The private power groups hope, apparently, first to discredit the New Deal-sired power laws, which enforce the principle of multiple use of river basins, and then to replace these laws with others adapted principally to the sale of electric power. Under the present laws, any agency—public or private—may undertake basin development if it can convince the Federal Power Commission that its plans encompass not only generation of electricity but flood control, irrigation, navigation, and conservation as these are needed.

Shotgun Transfers

A sample of private-power strategy is the proposal of the Idaho Power Company for building a series of five low-level run-of-the-river dams in the Hells Canyon section of the Snake River. The five dams would develop a total of 487,000 kilowatts, with only secondary importance being given to irrigation, flood control, and conservation. The Bureau of Reclamation, on the other hand, wants to build one high dam in Hells Canyon, which, if operating as an integral part of the Columbia Basin system, would contribute 1,430,000 kilowatts and take all other purposes into account.

In all fairness, it must be admitted that the legal climate is pretty rugged for private power interests today. In Washington, their properties may be condemned and purchased for public power uses simply after a majority among residents of the area concerned vote in favor of a public-utility district. A number of such shotgun transfers have occurred, and the threat of more is enough to keep the private power people sitting tight, buying power as they need it from the Federally owned and operated dams, and going slow on projects of their own.

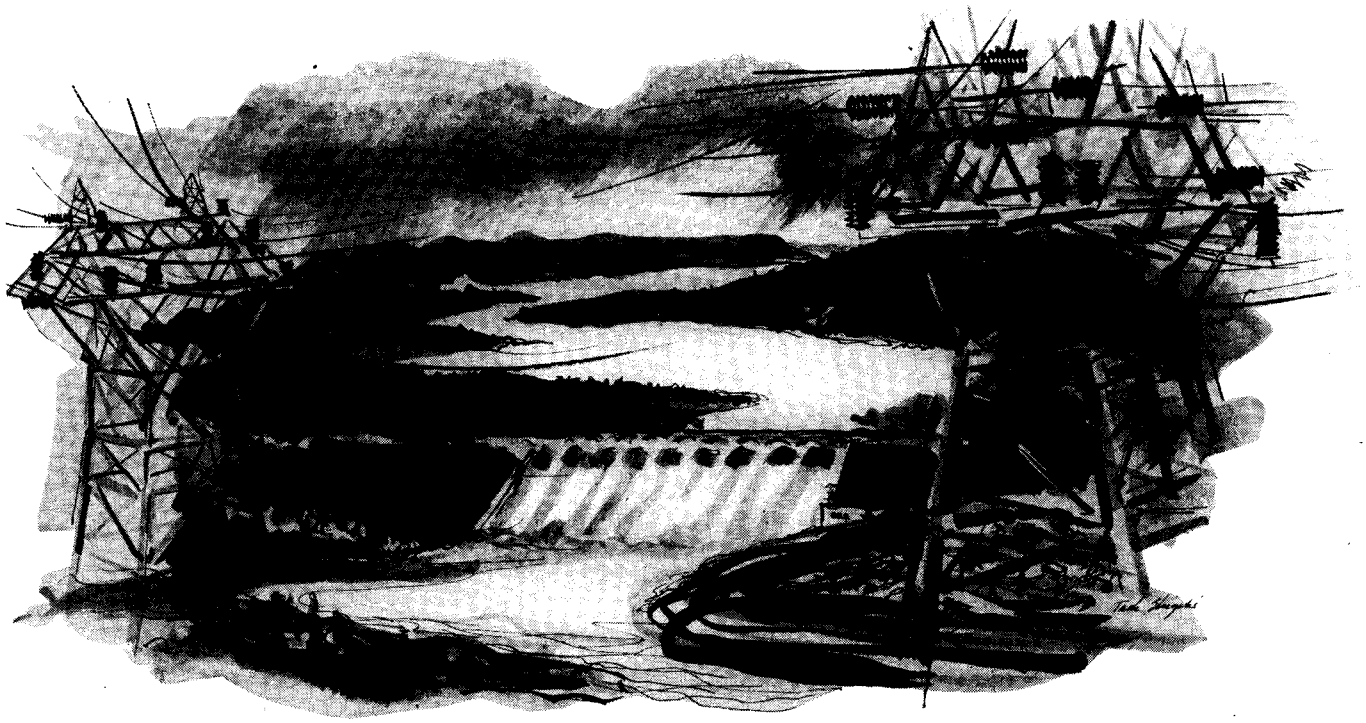
The fishery interests also have a lot to say about the new plans for harnessing the Columbia. The fishing industry there has declined from the vigor of former years, but it still grosses over $100 million annually and employs thousands of people. Conservationists warn that havoc is being wrought on salmon, trout, and sturgeon whose spawning grounds lie in the Columbia Basin. Even when fish "ladders" are constructed to enable fish to swim upstream around the dams, young fish on their way down cannot all be protected from whirling turbine blades. Also, some dams are too high for ladders—the 550-foot wall of Grand Coulee being journey's end.

There is one hope for the fishermen. Last fall, salmon hatched in a tank at the University of Washington's Fisheries Laboratory returned to that same tank to spawn. If this can be done on a larger scale in artificial reservoirs below the big dams without affecting the physical characteristics of the fish, perhaps all will be well.

Forecast for 1970

Meanwhile, demand for power continues to outpace Columbia Basin development. Dr. Paul J. Raver, chief of the Bonneville Power Administration, which markets power from all Federal generating facilities in the region, forecasts that seven million people—more than twice the present population—will live in the Pacific Northwest by 1970. He doesn't attempt to forecast whether there will be enough hydroelectric power by that time to satisfy local needs and those of national security.

That question must be answered by Congress.



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The Great Los Angeles Public Housing Mystery

RICHARD DONOVAN

Los Angeles, which includes Hollywood, is full of mystery-story writers. But the most skillful of them all, it sometimes seems, are the city fathers.

Consider this script which Los Angeles now has in preparation:

In August, 1949, Mayor Fletcher Bowron signed, and thirteen of the city's fifteen councilmen O.K.'d, a co-operation agreement with the City Housing Authority for the building of ten thousand units of public housing, to cost roughly $110 million.

The City Housing Authority is a semi-autonomous state agency like a port or bridge authority. It builds low-rent housing with funds it borrows from investing institutions and the public, and may also obtain funds from the Federal Public Housing Administration, although this has not so far been necessary. The city aids such housing by granting, in effect, a partial tax exemption, while the Federal government contributes an annual subsidy to keep rents down. Tenants are accepted only from lower income groups.

Under the 1949 agreement, Los Angeles was obliged to put up only the cost of the off-site facilities—streets, sewers, etc.—and was to regain much of this outlay by collecting ten per cent of the project rents every year in lieu of taxes. This, it was estimated, would bring the city about ten times more money than it had been getting from the areas the projects were to occupy.

The only objectors to the agreement with the CHA at the time were the people who were forced to sell their homes to make way for the public housing. City officials, the press, the big and little property owners' groups, and the private builders seemed to accept the situation. This was understandable, certainly, because Los Angeles has a grievous low-rent housing need that private builders cannot afford to satisfy. Also, the "future biggest city in the world" is ridden with rat-infested slums which date from the 1870's.

When the agreement was signed, the CHA began the most difficult job—buying and clearing the ten housing sites. Two years passed. By last November, some eighty per cent of the land had been bought, some seventy per cent of it had been cleared, and hundreds of families had been put to the extreme hardship of moving and resettling. Plans for thirty-four new thirteen-story public-housing apartments had been drawn and the CHA was just preparing to let the first construction contracts. Then came the first plot twist.

'I Revolt!'

Early in November, 1951, Councilman John C. Holland, who had by then discovered that part of one of the projects was to be in his middle-income district, suddenly began to complain that the proposed buildings would be too tall and that some of them were to be in "unfortunate locations," i.e., on vacant land. "When I think of those public buildings going up on those rolling, virgin hills," the councilman complained to a reporter, "I revolt!"

Without warning, Councilman Holland's feeling aroused similar emotion in Councilman Cronk (who had never liked public housing anyway), and Cronk's sudden unhappiness touched off Councilmen Navarro, Baker, Austin, and Henry, who also began to speak of revolt. This quick change by city fathers who had once favored public housing introduced the first element of mystery into the story. But since the city attorney had said that the agreement with CHA was valid and binding, nobody paid much attention.

Then, in mid-November, Councilman Holland revolted again, more violently this time. He had just discovered, or been made aware of, a proviso attached to the national Independent Offices Appropriation Act of 1951. This proviso said that the Federal government could not lend money to any city for a public-housing project, whether begun before or after March 1, 1949, unless the city's governing body approved through a co-operation

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agreement. The Los Angeles project had been begun in August, 1949, and six of the City Council no longer approved. In Councilman Holland's view, this rider on national legislation happily released the city from its contractual obligations to the CHA, and he at once proposed that the contract be broken, even though more than half the work it called for had been done, even though the city might have to make good the twelve or so million dollars the CHA had already borrowed from the Federal government, and however badly thousands of citizens might need homes.

This proposition introduced into the story a second element of mystery, which Holland played up by announcing that the CHA contract had been put through by "fraud and misrepresentation." Even though he is chairman of the council's finance committee, he did not mention that $12 million was more money than Los Angeles had in its treasury right then, or what such a breach of contract might do to the city's credit.

The nine pro-public-housing councilmen began to look to their defenses. In rising heat, Councilmen Allen, Debs, Gibson, Hahn, Roybal, Warburton, Timberlake, Davenport, and Harby announced that the projects would cost the city only $360,000 initially, and would be practically self-supporting thereafter. If the contract was broken at such an incredibly late date, they said, the CHA would certainly sue the city for the $12 million spent, and third-party suits would probably amount to some $35 million more, bringing the price of freedom from "Federal real estate" to around $50 million.

Also, the pro-housing councilmen pointed out, Los Angeles had accepted Federally aided housing before, in 1938, and survived. Beyond that, slums were uneconomical, since they accounted for forty-five per cent of Los Angeles' service costs (police, public health, etc.) but only six per cent of its property-tax income. Finally, said the pro-housing bloc, public housing was an investment in humanity.

Enter 'Socialism'

Visibly agitated by all this, the anti-housing councilmen then began to sling "facts and figures." Whole generations of future Angelenos would stagger about under this public-housing debt, they said. Some anti-housing estimates of the cost to the city of the projects ran to $50 million, but Councilman Navarro, furiously multiplying estimated off-site facility costs, lost taxes, and other items by some arithmetical method of his own, came up with a stupefying $360 million. Councilman Holland and some of the others now joined the attack, insisting that public housing would not clear the slums (since some projects were to be built on undeveloped land); that it would stir up racial trouble among the Mexican-Americans and Negroes; and that the whole thing was "a plot begun by the Administration some years ago to control . . . votes . . ."

"If the evil of Socialism that throttles England today—I beg your pardon, that throttles France today—is to be stopped in this country," Councilman Holland said, "Los Angeles will have to be the place to stop it."

The introduction of socialism into the facts-and-figures debate for a while threatened to dismay the pro-housing bloc. But then the bloc recovered and began to point out that Federally financed dams, roads, postal service, and even military protection might be called socialistic by Holland's definition. Why pick on housing?

"There is no relation," said Holland. "Here we're going in and buying substandard land for people we hardly know, and then we're building big apartments on it and proposing to operate them at a loss to the private property owners and taxpayers of this city for forty years. . . . A man in the Wilshire district, for instance, will have to pay the freight for somebody he doesn't know down in the slums—for forty years. This is Communism, or Socialism, rather! The first step in Communism is always rent control!"

With the air of a man who has been patient, Councilman Holland once more asked that the CHA contract be broken. But the other city fathers voted to put the matter off until Mayor Bowron, who was then touring Europe, got back.

But then a new development occurred. Councilman Davenport, formerly a staunch pro-housing man, appeared in council session one Monday in early December to say that he had changed his mind over the weekend and was now against public housing and for breaking the contract. He had, he said, "seen the light."

Whatever he had seen, the vision had indisputably reduced the pro-housing margin to one vote.

On December 13, Mayor Bowron returned. When he learned what had been going on in his absence, he announced angrily that the city's agreement with the CHA was binding, and that the council had no authority to break it and incur a $12-million debt without the people's consent.

This might have been expected to end the matter. Instead, the story took an even more arresting turn. On De-

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cember 17, Councilman Harby, considered a liberal and one of public housing's most ardent supporters up to that time, returned from some weekend cogitation of his own to announce that he too had "seen the light." This not only added immeasurably to the general mystification, but gave the anti-housing forces an eight-to-seven majority.

Immediately the anti-housing bloc again asked the city attorney for an opinion on whether the city could break its agreement with the CHA. The city attorney, who also had seen something, changed his answer from "No" to "Yes."

The Fateful Moment

On December 26 the murder bullet was fired. The council voted, eight to seven, to kill the agreement.

The story now went into its chase sequence. Mayor Bowron, in a firm and lucid message, vetoed the council's resolution.

"Los Angeles here announces to the world that it will not keep its word," wrote the mayor. "It has been contended that a recent Act of Congress affords 'an honorable way out' of the binding provisions of the contract. . . . With such contentions I do not agree."

The mayor then went on to explain that the Congressional proviso was relevant only in cases where city governments had rejected offers of Federal housing aid *before* they had received and used Federal housing funds. Since Los Angeles was some $12 million into Washington at the time it killed the contract, said the mayor, the "proviso" obviously did not apply.

When Mayor Bowron got into the chase, it was with the clear knowledge that he was risking his political life. (He has been mayor for over thirteen years). Various groups opposed to public housing all began to eye him coldly, and a City Hall reporter for their spokesman, the Los Angeles *Times,* informed his colleagues that "Bowron is finished in this town!" i.e., that the *Times* would fight him at the next election. Labor, tenants' groups, and most of Los Angeles' clergymen jumped in on the mayor's side. But the *Times* had spoken, semi-privately, and it began to look as though there would be more than one corpse.

Immediately after the mayor's veto, the anti-housing bloc took up the chase

What good is $500?

"Sure, I'd like to invest. Who wouldn't? But I'm no millionaire. I do manage to save a little, sure. Maybe $40 or $50 a month over and above what I need for living expenses, insurance, and emergencies. But the most I could spare right now is $500—and what good is that? You can't get rich on a couple of shares of stock, so I guess I'll just have to wait . . ."

And that's how it goes with thousands of people each year who could start on a sound investment program — *but don't.* And that's too bad.

Why? Well, for one thing, $500 buys a lot more than you probably think. You see, stock values don't always depend on price. A stock selling at $40 a share, for instance, can easily be as good a buy as one selling at $80—often a better buy.

As a matter of fact, $40 a share is just about the average price of all the 1,054 common stocks traded on the New York Stock Exchange. So on the basis of that average, your $500 would buy at least 12 shares of stock, and you'd be entitled to whatever dividend was paid on those shares.

How much would that be? That's hard to say. We could point out that last year 9 out of 10 of those stocks paid dividends that averaged over 6%, but that's no guarantee for next year or the year after that. The same thing is true of stock prices. They can go up or they can go down in any given year.

But investing is a long-term business, and on that basis it's good business for any man with extra dollars — a good business to begin at any time.

Why? Well look around you. Look how American business has grown in 10 years, 20 years, 50 years. That's why investors — the stockholders who own American business—have prospered.

Yes, we think investing is always good business. But it's better business for the investor who selects stocks or bonds carefully—on the basis of facts and information, not rumor or tips.

And that's where we may be of help to you. Tell us about your situation, and we'll tell you, without any obligation, what we think makes the best kind of an investment program for you, whether you already own securities or not. Just write — in confidence, of course, to . . .

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with the announcement that Bowron was showing a "socialistic attitude." The mayor countered deftly with a charge that the anti-housing councilmen were showing a "Communistic attitude," since in Russia there was no respect for contracts.

This exchange thoroughly aroused the press, which got aboard what had turned out to be the local story of the year. The home-owned *Times* and the Hearst-owned *Examiner* and *Herald-Express* roundly congratulated Davenport and Harby for their switch, and all the other anti-housing councilmen for their "courageous stand," while the Los Angeles *Daily News,* which is also home-owned but is no match for the *Times* in hitting power, took the pro-housing side. Cries of "Socialist Housing!" arose on the one side, and cries of "Shameful Swindle of the People!" arose on the other. "Private enterprise can do the job," said the *Times* pontifically. The *News* asserted that "unseen powers" were manipulating the councilmen.

This excitement brought in the general citizenry, and soon the argument was causing neighborhood fights, radio quarrels, floods of letters to editors, and a jam of pro- and anti-housing spectators at every council meeting. By this time there was a mounting demand to know who the "unseen powers" were.

The Public Eye

It was now high time for the detective, Councilman L. E. Timberlake, to enter the case.

Councilman Timberlake is a tall, earnest, conservative representative of an upper-middle-income Los Angeles district. None of the proposed housing projects are in his territory; none of his constituents are particularly warm about "Federal real estate." But Councilman Timberlake is for honoring a contract, and that being the case, he began to dig around for motives.

While the anti-housing councilmen and their supporters were demanding that a referendum be held on whether the city had a right to break its CHA contract, Timberlake quietly sifted the evidence. A number of questions presented themselves at once.

Starting with the easy ones, Timberlake considered the problem of who had switched on the mysterious light Councilmen Davenport and Harby had seen. He knew one answer to that from personal experience—the Chamber of Commerce, the Apartment House Owners, the Home Builders Institute, and the *Times* had shone the beam on him too.

But had there been any outside forces behind the organized local groups fighting public housing?

Federal housing authorities pointed out for him the groups that had fought public housing on a national level since its inception in 1937: the National Association of Home Builders, the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the U.S. Savings & Loan League, the Mortgage Bankers Association of America, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and the Producers Council, among others.

Had any of these organizations actually instructed their members in Los Angeles to fight public housing locally?

Councilman Timberlake came across a list of instructions issued by the National Association of Home Builders to its locals. The instructions were: organize to block approval in the city council; insist private enterprise can do the job; use the words "socialized" or "political" housing; if the council acts adversely, get signatures on a petition for a referendum to veto the council's action; harass the local housing authority with opposition to its choice of sites; charge that public housing increases property taxes. Property values should be stressed, and parents should be warned about dangers to their children's surroundings.

Certainly, the anti-housing councilmen and their supporters had followed this attack pattern in scrupulous detail.

Councilman Timberlake now began to run over some of the other questions. Mayor Bowron had answered the "proviso" claim, and the CHA had answered the lost-tax argument, the attacks on the housing sites, the off-site-facility-cost claim (the city would have to pay it for private as well as for public-housing projects), and the charge of fraud and misrepresentation. (The CHA had kept the council informed about every step it took.) The race and socialism questions were window dressing, and were not worth answering.

Why, though, had the anti-housing people, and particularly the private builders who on several occasions had refused requests to put up low-rent housing in Los Angeles, waited so long to kill the contract? Was there some hidden motive?

Timberlake's Charge

During the Christmas season and the first days of the new year, Councilman Timberlake went through the case step by step, interviewing witnesses, checking files and fingerprints, doing occasional second-story work. Little by little, he began to put the pieces together, at least to his own satisfaction. Then, at one clamorous session of the council, with a record crowd of spectators and representatives of the pro- and anti-housing groups listening intently, Timberlake made his charge.

"The killing of the contract," said the councilman, "is part of the biggest

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land grab in the history of Los Angeles!" With the contract dead or in abeyance, the City Housing Authority would find itself with hundreds of acres of highly valuable, centrally located, partially cleared city land. For this property, the CHA owed the PHA, which put up the money, some $12 million. The PHA would have to repossess the property and then put it up at public auction. And who would the bidders be? None other, said Timberlake, than the private builders, who could keep the bids low and so get cleared downtown land they could not have touched for less than it cost the CHA at forced sale.

Councilman Timberlake let the question and answer hang. But no one challenged it at that session, and no one has challenged it publicly since. So the charge, which is certainly one of the gaudiest in Los Angeles' history, whatever its merits, still stands.

To Be Continued

As this is written, the Great Los Angeles Public Housing Mystery is still in process of composition. The CHA has sued the council, as was so often predicted, and the anti-housing councilmen and their friends have succeeded in getting the housing question onto the ballot for the June elections—as was not predicted. But with the text now running to many thousands of pages and with the solution still to come, the people have lost the thread of the plot entirely and are beginning to write letters to the editors again.

In all the high, enigmatical doings, however, one point stands out like Old Baldy—and gives the local public-housing fight a resounding national significance. The Los Angeles uprising is part of a test case instituted by national and local real-estate groups to determine whether the nation shall have Federally subsidized slum-clearance and low-rent housing programs in the future. If, through the use of the new "proviso," the anti-housing groups should succeed in killing Los Angeles' CHA contract, and hence all future public housing in that city, every pro-public-housing decision in other cities in the last few years will be subject to review and reversal. In this way, step by step, the public-housing idea may vanish altogether.

Despite all the mystery around Los Angeles, that much seems clear.

Again, the Klan: Old Sheets, New Victims

JAY JENKINS

A REPORTER traveling around Columbus County, North Carolina, in the early months of 1952 senses the atmosphere of fear which the night-riding floggers of the Ku Klux Klan have created in that farming area. To one moving over the russet-colored landscape, it is as if time bombs of violence rest beneath the bleak, quiet fields that in season will bear tobacco, corn, and cotton.

The local response has been the only one that appears practical to realistic and direct farm folk: Guns have been bought and ammunition stored in homes. So general has the fear become, in town and country alike, that Columbus County Sheriff Hugh S. Nance says, "My deputies are afraid to go to anybody's house at night to carry out even routine duties—people down here are in the mood to shoot first and ask questions later."

Clayton Sellers, a twenty-eight-year-old farmer, shares that mood because he has felt the lashes administered by a mob of hooded Klansmen. "I got my gun beside my bed," he says, opening his mouth in a grin that reveals tobacco-stained teeth. "I got plenty of bullets, too."

Raleigh News & Observer

Moral crusaders

Sellers is one of the few Klan victims who have reported their flogging to Sheriff Nance, although estimates of the numbers of victims in the county since August, 1951, range as high as fifty. Others have been silenced by the threat of death. This reluctance, added to the normal secretiveness of Klansmen, has multiplied the problems of local officers, FBI men, and agents of the State Bureau of Investigation who are on the scene.

While the arrest of the floggers is an immediate aim, Sheriff Nance says he believes his greatest obligation is to smash the Klan completely in Columbus. He is convinced that the Associated Carolinas Klans is using his county as a testing ground in an attempt to gain political control. "If they win here, why not in the next county, and the next, and the next, until they have the whole state?" he asked.

Politics and the Lash

Ostensibly an improved public morality, based on K.K.K. standards, is the object of the Klan. Men have been flogged for crimes described by their hooded floggers as "not goin' to church," "drinkin' too much liquor," "treatin' his wife bad," and "scarin' his mother." In every instance but one, the victims have been white. This represents so radical a departure from the practices of the parent Klan, which concentrated on terrifying Negroes, that it is interpreted locally as the beginning of at least an attempt at political terror.

Sheriff Nance's investigations have

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Raleigh News & Observer

Clayton Sellers

convinced him that the impetus for the resurgence of the Klan in his county comes from adjoining Horry County, South Carolina. When Grand Dragon Thomas L. Hamilton, a Leesville, South Carolina, wholesale grocer who claims to be a thirty-second-degree Mason, staged the first Klan "public speaking and cross burning" in Columbus last August, the State Bureau of Investigation agents and state highway patrolmen copied license numbers from many of the cars which brought the 4,500 spectators to the rally. More than half bore South Carolina plates.

Also, Sheriff Nance has evidence that many of the "advance men," who lure prospective victims from their homes under false pretexts, are from Horry. On Saturday night, December 29, 1951, thirty-five cars loaded with robed Klansmen traveled bumper to bumper along the streets of Tabor City, a Columbus County town six miles from the Horry line, and all except four were from South Carolina. This procession differed from one staged in the same town four months earlier in that the Klansmen did not fire guns into the air as they rode along.

In Horry, pronounced "Oh-ree," there are, by conservative estimates of law-enforcement agencies, at least five thousand Klansmen. A policeman dressed in Klan regalia was killed in that county last year by a rifle bullet fired during a parade, and night floggings are commonplace. Already publicly avowed Klansmen have announced their candidates for offices such as that of magistrate. Horry Sheriff Ernest Sasser, counted as a major foe of the K.K.K., is expected to have Klan opponents in his race for re-election later this year.

Sheriff Sasser, in his fight against the Klan, has followed the procedure of deputizing private citizens in all parts of the county to serve as lookouts. Despite numerous arrests of alleged K.K.K. members, Sasser has as yet been unable to persuade a Horry grand jury to bring bills of indictment. Most newspapers in Horry choose not to report the beatings and do not censure the Klan.

The Sellers Case

With only minor variations, the way in which Clayton Sellers got long, dark bruises on his back and legs is the way in which the Klan operates in Columbus. Sellers, who talks about his flogging in a mild tone of incredulity, lives with his wife, two children, and sixty-three-year-old mother in a three-room house on his fifteen acres. He was in bed on the midnight in November, 1951, when the Klan members paid their call.

"Hey, Sellers, I want to get some gas." When he heard that request, Sellers pulled on his overalls. "I said there wan't no fillin' stations open," Sellers said, "but I told 'em, 'If there's any gas in my car, I'll be glad to give it to you.' "

Two unmasked strangers met Sellers at the door and followed him to his Model A Ford. Sellers got a glass jug and began siphoning gas from the tank. One of the strangers lit a cigarette. This, it turned out, was a signal.

"A car drove up fast. Two of 'em with sheets on grabbed me; t'other two ran to another car parked down the road. My wife yelled. They said, 'Shet yore damn mouth, we'll be back.' "

More Klansmen arrived. As they wrestled with Sellers, his wife fired five wild bullets over their heads. Sellers was dumped onto the floor of a car and held there, then blindfolded.

"Down the road a piece, I heard 'em say, 'Let's go,' and two or three cars cranked up. They talked hoarse and unnatural. When we stopped, they said they was gonna beat me because I beat my maw. I told 'em I hadn't."

Each of Sellers's arms was held by two Klansmen, while two other Klansmen, stationed on either side of him,

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Sellers's mother

used the lashes. Sellers said the lashes felt "like strips cut out of a tire."

"One time they stopped beatin'," Sellers said. "The one that said I beat mama told 'em, 'Hell, that ain't enough, hit him some more.' "

After they had flogged him, the Klansmen returned Sellers to a point about a mile from his home. "They took off the blindfold. One of 'em walked on one side, one on t'other side, and one walked behind me. 'I got a gun,' the one behind said, 'an' if you look back, I'll shoot to kill.' I didn't look back."

Meanwhile, Sellers's wife had gone to the homes of two of his uncles, who live within two hundred yards of the Sellers home. With a quizzical look, Sellers said, "They [the uncles] wouldn't he'p her get the law, and they wouldn't give her no more bullets."

Sellers's mother ridiculed the Klan story that her son had beaten her. Clayton, she said, had "never been in trouble."

'Un-Klannish Activities'

In Horry, the floggings have not followed a general pattern. In one instance, a farmer was at his tobacco barn at dusk one evening when several cars stopped. Hooded Klansmen got out, circled the barn, and then linked hands. They gradually made the circle smaller, closing it like a net, and when they had finished with the farmer he was taken to a hospital with serious injuries. In another incident, the Klansmen severely whipped a twenty-five-year-old Purple Heart veteran who has a

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silver plate in his head and was already eighty per cent disabled, and the veteran's uncle, already a partial invalid as the result of a traffic accident.

Grand Dragon Hamilton, a bespectacled man inclined to plumpness, denies that the Klan is responsible for the terror in Columbus County. "I am led to challenge you to prove, without a shadow of a doubt, where the Ku Klux Klan had anything whatsoever to do with the floggings," he wrote a newspaperman. "I further challenge you to prove where the organization has in any way tried to administer Justice on anyone—when that statement is made by you or anyone else it is a contemptible falsehood."

Early this year, Hamilton disbanded the Klavern at Fair Bluff, in Columbus, because it had been "indulging in un-Klannish activities, by taking the law into its own hands." Fair Bluff, one of the smallest villages in the county, also had one of the smallest Klaverns.

Sheriff Nance estimates that there are two or three thousand dues-paying Klansmen in Columbus. Most of them, the sheriff said, do not know who the officers of their own Klavern are, and none of them receives an accounting of his $12.50 annual dues. Hamilton has said that the tidy fortune in dues goes "for charitable and welfare purposes."

The methods by which the Klan chooses victims for floggings appear to be as haphazard as its fiscal practices. Some of the flogging orders sift down from local Klavern chiefs, but a flogging may be carried out on the whim of an individual Klansman who has developed a dislike for a neighbor. Floggings are never openly discussed at regular Klan meetings, which move around from place to place, and often are attended by spies for the police. Among the victims have been farmers, automobile mechanics, day laborers, one auto salesman, and a filling station operator. Many others, including newspapermen, have received threats that have not so far been carried out.

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Willard Cole

The Fear

The renewal of Klan activity in Columbus has brought about a distrust among lifelong neighbors that takes strange turns. A Whiteville merchant and long-time friend of this reporter described it this way: "I'm publicly neutral about the Klan, and privately hostile. I'm in business. I don't know whether the businessman next door or any customer who walks in here is a Klan member. How's your wife?" The few citizens who would confide their feelings to a reporter, on a promise of anonymity, said something like this: "I hate the Klan. Some of the people they whip deserve it, some folks say, but how do I know the Klan won't like the way I wear my hat tomorrow? And I keep quiet. If somebody asks me about the Klan, I say nothing because he may be a Klansman trying to discover something about police strategy. Or he may be trying to find out if I am a member. I just keep my powder dry."

Willard Cole, who travels extensively about the county in his capacity as editor of the semi-weekly newspaper in Whiteville, the county seat, says: "I think sentiment is seventy-five per cent against the Klan." Cole has been a persistent and outspoken critic of the Klan in Columbus. He takes a firearm with him when he answers his doorbell at night.

At least once, police have had to use much persuasion to keep non-Klan citizens from forming a mob and storming Klan meetings. To follow that course, the officers argue, would be to reduce the prospects for obtaining evidence which will stand up in court. Unless the ringleaders are caught, Cole says, the Klan will survive. "If we get the big fish, the whole thing will crumble."

W. Horace Carter, editor of the Tabor City *Tribune*, a weekly newspaper,

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Men on horseback

has joined Cole in publishing all the information obtainable about the floggings in Columbus and in blacked-out Horry. Both editors have denounced the K.K.K. repeatedly in page 1 editorials, and both are working closely with officers in an attempt to collect evidence on the leaders of the Klan. When Grand Dragon Hamilton wrote Carter that the latter's mind was warped, Carter, a brash and intelligent fellow in his early thirties, challenged Hamilton to go with him to a qualified psychiatrist for examinations of both. "I believe it would be a revelation," wrote Carter.

How to 'Klux'

An optimistic note on the possible future of Columbus County Klansmen was provided in mid-December, 1951, by Judge W. E. Harrelson in county recorder's court. Two farmers tried to introduce a new verb into the language when they told another farmer they would "klux" him if he allowed a Negro tenant to remain on his farm. By "klux," they explained, they meant they would flog him and destroy his property.

The threatened farmer reported to the sheriff, the two men were arrested, and Judge Harrelson sentenced each to two years at hard labor in the state prison. The sentences have been appealed to a higher court, but the lower court's decision is taken as a hopeful sign that once the Klansmen are taken out of their white bedsheets, their punishment will be sure.

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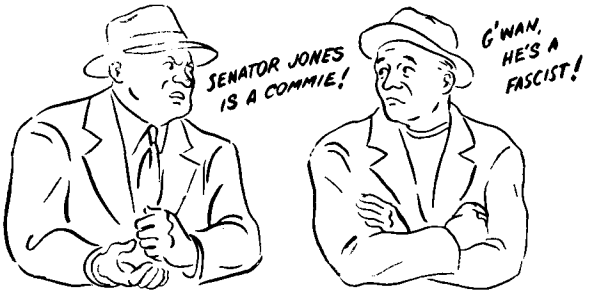

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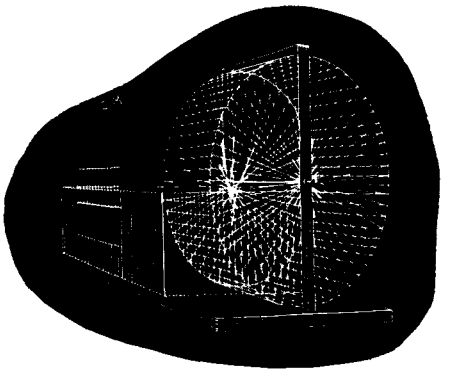
Capitalism Without Tears



STUART CHASE

AMERICAN CAPITALISM: THE CONCEPT OF COUNTERVAILING POWER, by John Kenneth Galbraith. *Houghton Mifflin, $3.*

FOR some years now, the Kremlin has been announcing the imminent collapse of the American economy. So have the Republicans. They favor the inflationary route to perdition, while the Kremlin inclines to the deflationary —but will settle for either.

From the Left, Center, and Right have come repeated prophecies of doom —doom by all sorts of routes. Yet today the American economy, with a gross production of goods and services valued at more than $300 billion a year, and with 63 million citizens gainfully employed, stands foursquare as the wonder of the world. "The ruling ideas of the period," says J. K. Galbraith in his new book, "were better designed to maximize our alarms than our understanding of the economy."

How can so many experts, as well as lesser mortals, be so wrong? Why doesn't the system bog down or blow up, the way the "sound" thinkers (not to mention the Kremlin) so confidently predict? What keeps it surging to ever-new summits of production, wages, profits, dividends, savings? Galbraith's resolution of this paradox is the most significant book on economics I have seen in a long time, as well as the most readable, witty, and good-tempered. We may have an American Keynes on our hands, and, brothers, we could use one. His monograph "The Disequilibrium System," published in the *Economic Review* some years ago, gave a foretaste of the thinking displayed in the present book. Economic theory has often resembled theology, expounded by gloomy moralists. Galbraith restores it to an objective science, with neither gods nor devils lurking in the shadow of the market.

The Jeremiahs

I remember giving a talk in 1940 to a group of businessmen in Philadelphia. I said that if the United States entered the war, the national debt—then at $40 billion and driving bankers to Luminal —would soon exceed $100 billion! The faces of the audience began to turn green, and I felt none too well myself. A hundred billion! It seemed like the end of the world, let alone the capitalist system. Yet the debt came to rest at $279 billion in 1945, with the United States sitting on top of the world and national bankruptcy as unthinkable as military defeat. We were afraid of a little man who wasn't there.

Galbraith quotes the president of U.S. Steel as saying in April, 1950, that the American system was then "in deadlier peril than it has ever been in my lifetime," whereupon U.S. Steel common went up a quarter point for the day. About the same time, Republican Congressman Jesse W. Wolcott of Michigan announced with precision that "the United States is now within 8 per cent of socialism."

The keening has been going on for twenty years. The Temporary National Economic Council feared that Big Business was going to ruin us, while the business community was sure that government spending was going to ruin us. Taxes, we were told, were drying up the incentive to produce; presently we would have no venture capital—"the yeast of the economy." Forsaking the gold standard was described as an irreparable catastrophe, while the welfare state, the coddling of labor, government interference, subsidies to farmers, and fabulous handouts to foreigners could only end in disaster. Yet the economy continued to knock over one all-time-high index after another. "Just wait," said the Jeremiahs. We are still waiting.

The Meccano Set

Liberals and radicals have been as far off base as the conservatives. Liberals Galbraith defines as the free-speech, free-enterprise, free-wheeling fraternity who share classical economic theory with the conservatives but are much more afraid of monopoly. The word "big" terrifies them. The radicals, meanwhile, have confidently expected the economy to explode from "its inner contradictions," as the poor get poorer and the rich richer. (The average wage is now around $50 a week, while the income tax skims eighty-six per cent off the top brackets.)

Galbraith begins his analysis with a clear, sharp statement of the *competitive model* of orthodox theory. For generations this model has stood on the desk of every professor of economics. Originating in England in a day of small ironmasters, it passed into U.S. textbooks, to become the chief concern of university economists.

It was a beautiful model. Galbraith describes its gears and wheels almost lovingly. It allowed for everything:

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consumer wants, maximum efficiency, minimum costs, jobs for all willing workers, thrift, incentives, the proper division between investment and current consumption. It was like a Meccano set, with everything in its place and a place for everything. Most beautiful of all was Say's law, which held that "the act of producing goods provided the purchasing power, neither too much nor too little, for buying them. This comforting doctrine went far to preclude either a serious depression or a violent inflation."

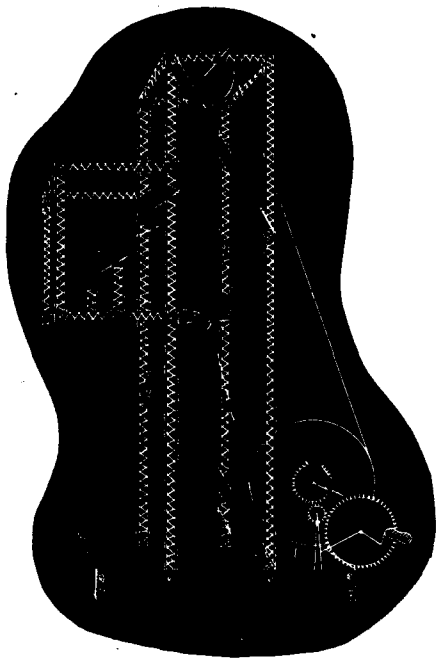
The wheels of the model turned by virtue of buyers and sellers in such plentiful numbers that prices and wages were set by the market, beyond the control of any one producer. The businessman made the economic decisions, but his powers were automatically circumscribed by his competitors and by the market.

With the third decade of the twentieth century, however, two thundering great facts arose to knock the competitive model galley west. The gap between theory and reality could no longer be dodged. The first was the fact of "oligopoly," an ugly term from the Greek meaning "rule by a few," or monopolistic competition. The second was the great depression.

The March of Oligopoly

A. A. Berle and Gardiner C. Means, in their historic treatise *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* (1932), showed how a few great corporations were coming to dominate the market, taking the administration of prices into their own hands. Nobody could be in business a week without observing this, but the theorists put up a strong defense in depth. Three companies dominate the automobile industry, two dominate aluminum, three rubber goods, and so on—where the competitive model calls for scores of companies. Watch television, says Galbraith, not meaning the screen. There are scores of companies manufacturing sets today, but in a few years, he says, the industry will be shaken down to a safe and sound handful of giant producers. The trend to oligopoly is massive, but the Anti-Trust Division continues to resist it. If successful, it is to be feared that the division woud break up the most active and productive sector of the economy.

Meanwhile the depression deepened



—eight, ten, twelve million unemployed. Say's law called for it to be "all over in sixty days." Here was another breach in the competitive model, for all to see.

Keynes to the Rescue

Many professors went on teaching classical theory during the dismal 1930's, as they had little else to teach, but their hearts were not in it. Then John Maynard Keynes saved them.

He showed that the interest rate of the competitive model no longer automatically regulated the flow of savings into investment. Savings did not necessarily and promptly appear on the market in job-making capital outlays. They could accumulate as idle funds, slow the dollar circuit, deepen a depression. When this downward acceleration reached a certain point, private resources were unable to reverse it. Only the government, said Keynes, by lowering taxes, easing credit, borrowing and spending for public works or their equivalent, could arrest and reverse a major depression. Preparation for war after 1938 was a clear demonstration of the thesis. Governments spent for armaments; unemployment vanished.

Keynes demonstrated that automatic stability in the market was not guaranteed by Say's law or any other law. When things went wrong, somebody had to act, and the legal and logical actor was the government. All this is heresy to the orthodox, but it fits the facts. Also it permits prediction of what is likely to happen. We no longer need turn green at large national debts, or expect collapses that never come.

Galbraith believes, and I agree, that another great depression can be avoided, and probably will be. Keynes has provided the formula—lower taxes, easier credit, public works and services—a formula that political pressure from workers, farmers, and intelligent businessmen will force Congress to follow in the event of a serious downswing. The formula is supposed to work in reverse to check inflation: raise taxes, tighten credit, economize strictly. But our author doubts that Congress will have the fortitude to apply it. Not so many powerful groups are hurt by inflation in its early stages, as wages, profits, and farm prices go up.

The Five Bigs

Keynes has not much to say about monopoly, and here is where Galbraith makes a significant contribution to economic theory by showing that oligopoly, far from ruining us, has actually strengthened the American economic system. Granted that the two hundred corporations—or whatever the number may be—have pulled out of the free market, why haven't they enforced a kind of fascist superstate and made puppets of us all?

The reason why Big Business has not enslaved us, says Galbraith, is that at least four other power centers have expanded to match its power—Big Labor, Big Agriculture, Big Distribution, and Big Government.

The name our author gives to this phenomenon is *countervailing power*. I suspect we shall hear the term quite often in the next few years. His approach here, as throughout the book, is as psychological as it is economic. Who has the power; who pulls the strings? The big boys have been boxed in, and Galbraith illustrates the process with a number of striking examples. For instance: If the major tire companies want to boost their prices to unreasonable heights, Sears, Roebuck stands ready to make its own tires. Similarly, the great retail chains and the large department stores hold a kind of sword of Damocles continually above the Big Producers. They have power over both price and quality:

"There is little doubt that the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company has

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used [countervailing power] with considerable artistry. In 1937, a survey by the company indicated that, for an investment of $175,000, it could supply itself with corn flakes. Assuming that it charged itself the price it was then paying to one of the three companies manufacturing this delicacy, it could earn a modest sixty-eight per cent on the outlay. Armed with this information . . . it had no difficulty in bringing down the price by approximately ten per cent."

The consumer often benefits from this price umbrella. How do we know? Because prices charged by the chains are relatively reasonable—so reasonable that the consumer co-operative movement has never been able to get a toehold in the U.S. distributing system.

An even stronger block of countervailing power is visible in organized labor, especially the CIO. All attempts to force down wages or otherwise exploit the worker are met with solid resistance backed by the formidable weapon of the strike. Under the pressure, Big Business must bargain and is frequently outtraded.

Big Government exercises countervailing power both directly in its tax policies and indirectly by strengthening the power of labor, farmers, and other groups. The income tax "works silently and automatically on the side of economic stability. Conservatives should build a statue to it and to its inspired progenitor, President William Howard Taft."

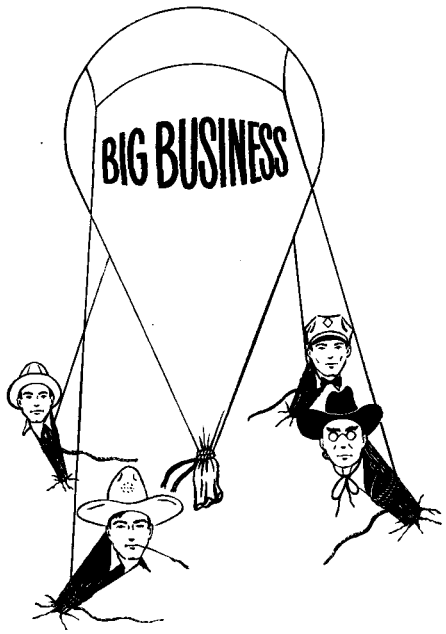
Unions have had countervailing power built up by the Wagner Act, by unemployment insurance, and by social security. Farmers have had their power fortified by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, by the marketing co-operatives, by Department of Agriculture research, by all kinds of favorable legislation. The New Deal in broad perspective, says Galbraith, was primarily concerned with creating countervailing power, and thus with keeping the economy strong and healthy, undominated by the great corporations.

The Power of Decision

The pattern is now becoming clear. Despite the obsolescence of the competitive model because of the twin facts of a prolonged depression and oligopoly, the economic system recovered from depression by using the methods advocated by Keynes, and because of countervailing power did not succumb to the dictation of Big Business. This leaves us, as Galbraith emphasizes, with most decisions still in the hands of private citizens, and a long, long way from public ownership or the national planning of production.

Countervailing power has shifted power centers, but it has also strengthened capitalism, defined as a system of decentralized decision. The years of anticipated doom have, in reality, buttressed private business. But in the businessman's loss of power to other groups we find the reason for his deep resentment against the whole trend.

The thesis makes sense to me, and is likely to make sense to most objective students. It explains why the economy has not disintegrated. It explains the place of the New Deal in history, not as a rush toward socialism (or socialism less eight per cent) but as a strengthening of private decision making, so that the system can still function after great sections of the free market have disappeared. It explains the handicap the Anti-Trust Division is laboring under. It explains the function of organized labor in preserving the system of decentralized decision, and why government support of farmers' prices is cardinal. It explains the vital part that big distributors play, and why such measures as the Robinson-Patman Act, which was designed to weaken the competitive position of chain stores, are ill advised in that they weaken countervailing power. It explains the terms on which "our free-enterprise system" can continue to function.



American Capitalism goes far to resolve the economic paradoxes of the last twenty years, while shattering a thousand myths. What about the future? Our author ventures a prediction with considerable assurance. Given a reasonably peaceful world, the Keynes formula plus countervailing power can hold both prosperity and decentralized decision.

But in the event of war or of inflation all bets are off. Conceivably a tough wage-and-price-control structure could keep inflation in check, but neither the Keynes formula nor countervailing power could. Big Business and Big Labor tend to *reinforce* rather than check each other in inflation, as the wage-price spiral mounts. With permanent price controls, the economy begins to move into the realm of centralized decision, jettisoning capitalism as defined.

Polemical Squirrel Cage

Finally, I do not wish to leave the impression that Galbraith has all the answers. Some facts overlooked, or underemphasized, are bound to come out. I can already think of several. Why, for example, did earlier depressions not give the *coup de grâce* to the competitive model? Should not technological change be given a bit more consideration?

Our author has the type of mind that will welcome pertinent facts, and criticism based on logic rather than on moral imperatives. Science tells how things do happen, not how they ought to happen. Too few of our economists have been scientists in this sense. They lecture about your duties in a way a physicist would never dream of. The institutional school under Wesley C. Mitchell tried to break out of the polemical squirrel cage. John Maynard Keynes did break out. Galbraith has freed himself even more completely.

There will be the standard cries from the standard ideologists, Right, Center, and Left. "There is nothing," says our author, "an economist should fear so much as applause, and I believe I am secure."

He may be secure. But I would like to have him know that some of us who have been baffled by the failure of other theories are grateful for a pattern that so well explains the stubborn facts.

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Ickes: Memoir Of a Man Without Fear

SAUL K. PADOVER

The writer was assistant to Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes from 1938 to 1943.

HAROLD ICKES was more than a great public servant. He was, in the best sense of the term, a magnificent, triple-distilled American character, rugged and tough, mixing harsh practicality with uncompromising idealism. As a battler for public causes, Ickes was in the stern Calvinist tradition, deriving a little from Roger Williams and John Adams, from William Lloyd Garrison and Robert Ingersoll. But he lacked the gloom of the professional reformer. Ickes had a wild and roaring humor.

His energy and vitality were as tremendous as his devotion to the public welfare. He came to work early, long before any of us in the Department of the Interior, sometimes when it was still dark, and stayed late into the night. Not infrequently he would take work home with him after personally turning out the lights in his wing of the mammoth building. When I first saw him in his office, he was in shirtsleeves, sitting behind a desk piled head-high with contracts, letters, and other documents. The last time I saw him there, seven years later, he presented the same picture—a hard-working man up to his eyes in paper.

Unlike so many other administrators, Ickes took nothing for granted, not even from his favorite subordinates. His trust in human nature was strictly limited. He read carefully every contract—and there were tens of thousands of them—and every letter submitted to him for his signature. More often than not he would make corrections in his scratchy, sharply pointed handwriting. Sometimes, he would tell me, it took him four or five hours a day just to sign "Harold L. Ickes" to documents.

He worked even on trips. Once on a journey to California he dictated forty thousand words to his male secretary in the train compartment. Back in Washington, the secretary, a former Marine, was on the verge of collapse, his hands trembling from the ordeal on the train. When I went in to see Ickes, who looked refreshed from the trip and rosy-cheeked at sixty-six, and told him that he had knocked out his secretary with his dictation, he snapped: "My God, what's the matter with these young fellows nowadays? They can't take it!" Then his humor reasserted itself, and when the door attendant announced that his appointment with J. Edgar Hoover was due he said to me: "That's all for now. Sherlock Holmes is waiting outside."

Hitler and Helium

Ickes was an untiring fighter against fascism at home and abroad. Long before the United States became involved in the Second World War, Ickes used to enrage the State Department with his savage castigation of Hitler, whom he called, among other things, "Esau, the Hairy Ape." Berlin protested to the Secretary of State; the Secretary of State complained to the President; the President did or did not chide the Secretary of the Interior—and Ickes went on saying loudly and publicly what he thought of the dictators.

Whenever possible, he also took action against the Nazis and fascists. A year or two before the outbreak of the war the Nazis wanted to buy 15.5 million cubic feet of helium in the United States in order to build up a dirigible fleet. Ickes, in charge of natural resources, including natural gases, said that he wouldn't sell helium to Hitler. At a Cabinet meeting, the President, the Secretary of State, and the rest voted in favor. Ickes stubbornly said "No." Roosevelt reasoned with him: "Well, Harold, what do you say? The Army assures me that the gas would not be used for military purposes. Can't you let them have the helium?" Ickes answered dryly: "Mr. President, I can't surrender my conscience to the Army."

Roosevelt, knowing that Ickes was perfectly capable of resigning on this issue, and resigning with a nation-wide bang, did not press the matter. Hitler never got the helium, and the Germans had to give up building dirigibles.

'Almost Benevolent Glower'

Roosevelt and Ickes liked and respected each other, although neither was blind to the other's shortcomings. Afraid of nothing, Ickes did not hesitate to talk back bluntly to "The Boss." When a high Military Government officer offered me a commission and I requested Ickes to release me, he angrily picked up the receiver and asked to be connected with the White House. After a while the President came on the wire, and Ickes said: "Mr. President, what's the idea of that fascist gang you set up for this so-called Military Government trying to raid my personal staff. . . ?" Over the wire, I heard Roosevelt's roar of laughter followed by soothing words which gradually changed Ickes's scowl into an almost benevolent glower.

Ickes's overpowering quality was courage. It was not courage of the quiet, purposive, occasional variety. It was rather the essential constant—one might say need—of his total personality. He exuded fearlessness. A good fight was champagne and caviar to his soul. Those of us who were close to him sometimes had to restrain him

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from plunging into some battle or other for the sheer pleasure of it. A hostile press used to accuse him of being a hater. He was not that. He simply liked to fight. And he had a trigger temper.

His was the stance of a fighter, and the face too. A short, chunky man with thick, roundish shoulders, he walked as if he were aiming to start a scrap. His head was that of a born scrapper and his chin stuck out squarely. His eyes were sharp and suspicious, with a glint of lurking humor. They could be benign too, gleaming with a kind of Foxy Grandpa light.

When his wrath was aroused he was formidable and dangerous. As a tongue-lasher he was incomparable. Fortunately, he was apt to direct his righteous indignation and rage at evildoers or those whom he suspected of dishonesty or illiberalism. It must be admitted, however, that in the Interior Department, which he ruled with an iron hand, he was occasionally guilty of unfairness and oversuspiciousness.

Perpetually Embattled Liberal

All his professional life, until the very end—when he singlehandedly took on "McCarran, McCarthy, McStassen, and McBudenz"—Ickes was a battler. He was in the thick of every political-economic fight that agitated Americans in the twentieth century. In Chicago, where he went from his native Pennsylvania at the age of sixteen, he participated in rough-and-tough local reform efforts that usually ended in failure. Lack of success, however, did not embitter Ickes; it only hardened his fiber. Nominally a Republican, he fought on the side of independents, Bull Moosers, La Follette Progressives, and New Deal Democrats. He had a magnificent disdain for party labels. Perhaps his one and only hero was Theodore Roosevelt.

At the Republican Convention of 1920, Ickes, the perpetually embattled liberal who could smell skullduggery a mile away, had the distinction of being one of the few delegates to shout a joyous and courageous "No!" to the nomination of Warren Gamaliel Harding. To hear him tell that story, one had the impression that he was as proud of that single uttered word as if he had won a major political victory.

His great days came after Franklin D. Roosevelt, liking Ickes's pugnacious jaw and the cut of his jib, appointed him Secretary of the Interior and gave him other jobs that made him a major force in the Administration from 1933 to 1945. It is no exaggeration to say that while F.D.R. was the high priest of the New Deal, Ickes was its principal gladiator. He defended its policies and attacked its enemies with hundreds of speeches and thousands of epithets.

To the surprise of nearly everybody, the fifty-nine-year-old Ickes, who had never held a government job before, turned out to be a superb administrator. The huge Interior Department, with its control of America's vast natural resources, had never felt such a deft, sure hand. He was the absolute boss all the time; there was no mistake about it. You only had to look at him to know that you would not dare trifle with him or with a nickel's worth of the public domain, of which he was a fanatically dedicated Cerberus. He guarded public property with the same tight jealousy that he watched over his own dollars. Roosevelt piled ever more responsibilities upon him, including the immense Public Works Administration. Ickes guardedly spent those billions of PWA dollars with a caution and scrupulousness that enraged nearly everybody. But there was no graft—not even a whisper of it. His bitterest enemies ended up by grudgingly calling him "Honest Harold."

During the New Deal his battles were epic. He took on all comers. At one time or another he slugged it out with Fiorello LaGuardia, General Hugh ("Old Iron Pants") Johnson, Harry Hopkins, Robert H. Jackson, Robert Moses, Robert R. McCormick, William Randolph Hearst, Henry A. Wallace, Martin Dies, Westbrook Pegler, Frank Gannett, Wendell Willkie, Thomas E. Dewey, Father Charles Coughlin, the German-American Bund, the Silver Shirts, the Ku Klux Klan, Wall Street, the American press and its "calumnists," dozens of governors, scores of mayors, and, of course, Hitler, Hirohito, and Mussolini.

Harris & Ewing

Those who got into a fight with Ickes usually knew that they had had it. There was nothing subtle about his methods. When Hugh Johnson criticized him and the New Deal, Ickes answered that the general was "suffering from mental saddle sores." Another patient was Huey Long, who was "suffering from halitosis of the intellect." He once described Westbrook Pegler as the " 'Mrs. Dilling' of columnists," Walter Winchell as having "an obstetrical turn of mind," and Mark Sullivan as a dull Pontifex Maximus. Martin Dies he labeled "Loaded Dies." His private comments, particularly about colleagues and rivals, were sometimes concentrated but hilarious vitriol.

Poisoned Thorns

He was capable of wonderful, slashing satire. There were occasions when his epithets stuck and, like poisoned thorns, did serious harm. In the 1940 Presidential campaign, Ickes hung two labels on Willkie which the Republican candidate could not shake off. He called him the "rich man's Roosevelt" and the "simple, barefoot Wall Street lawyer." But he actually liked and respected Willkie, in whom he recognized qualities of courage and pugnacity akin to his own. For Thomas E. Dewey, however, he had no such sentiments. When young Dewey declared his candidacy in 1944, Ickes made the sarcastic comment that "Mr. Dewey has thrown in his diaper." In 1948, after Dewey had systematically refused to debate public issues with his opponent, Ickes came to the rescue of the hard-campaigning Mr. Truman with his reverberating crack about "Mr. Thomas Elusive Dewey, the candidate in sneakers." The "Thomas Elusive" label, in particular, stuck.

After Roosevelt's death Ickes stayed

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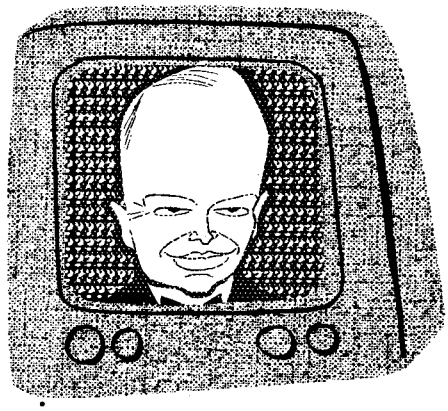
on for a while in the Cabinet, but he was not happy there. When, upon my return from service abroad in the summer of 1945, I visited him in his office, he told me that President Truman had not spoken to or consulted with him for two or three months. Ickes felt increasingly lonely in the Truman Administration, with its strange new personnel and its peculiar moral atmosphere. He was only waiting for a proper opportunity to get out. This came when President Truman nominated Edwin C. Pauley, a California oil man, to be Secretary of the Navy. Now the angered old Mugwump went on the warpath. He destroyed Pauley's chances for confirmation by disclosing that Pauley had offered him $300,000 in campaign money to drop the government's suit to take over certain important oil lands in California. Ickes described this as "the rawest proposition ever made to me." When Truman, trying to defend Pauley, remarked that Ickes might have erred, the latter sent in a blistering letter of resignation:

"I don't care to stay in an Administration where I am expected to commit perjury for the sake of the party. I do not have a reputation for dealing recklessly with the truth."

I WONDER whether our generation will ever see anybody like him again.

Television and The 1952 Campaign



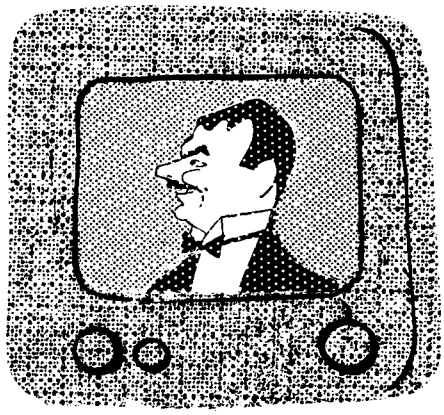
ROBERT J. DONOVAN

IN THE 1952 campaign the Democrats and Republicans will be fully confronted for the first time with the problem of television—a medium that has already begun to work huge changes in traditional political practices.

Largely because of the televised Senate crime hearings, Estes Kefauver has been transformed from a somewhat obscure man in a coonskin cap to a serious Presidential contender. Thanks also to television, Rudolph Halley was elected president of New York's City Council over the opposition of both Democrats and Republicans. Thomas E. Dewey, in his successful campaign for re-election as governor of New York in 1950, relied heavily on his famous TV "marathons" for convincing voters of his grasp of state affairs.

The year 1948 probably witnessed the last old-style, pre-television U.S. Presidential campaign. That year the Democratic National Committee spent only $10,500 on television—for President Truman's Brooklyn and Chicago speeches. The Republican National Committee also limited itself to about $10,000 for the new medium. The 1948 conventions and Election Night activities were televised by the networks, but the campaigns, the candidates' itineraries, and the big rallies were arranged without consideration of the home viewer. Television did not affect campaign strategy materially.

How important television will be to this year's campaign was made clear when Democratic National Chairman Frank E. McKinney recently announced informally a party drive for a $2.5-million TV and radio fund. (This sum, however, seems unrealistically large.) The Republicans, it is estimated, plan to spend about a million dollars for TV time this year.



"During the last campaign," according to Wayne Coy, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, "TV had an impact when there were only 1,000,000 sets. Imagine what the impact will be in this fateful year of 1952 when there are 16,000,000 sets and perhaps sixty per cent of American families looking in!"

Hints for Hooper Ratings

The current attitude of practical politicians was illustrated by the remark of a powerful Eastern Democratic leader when he was asked his opinion of Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois as a Presidential candidate: "How is he on television?"

For this year's candidates the main problem is how best to use the new medium. Twenty years ago Franklin Roosevelt mastered a similar new medium—radio—and with its aid rose to a unique pinnacle in contemporary politics. Now a still more potent means of communication awaits the politicians who can master its potentialities.

Television calls for actors. It calls for a plot—for catching a great moment. Memorable instances were Mac-

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Arthur's oration before Congress, Acheson's squelching of the Communists at San Francisco, and Mr. Truman's plucky campaign in 1948.

But every man must use television in the way that suits him best. Dewey, whose mannerisms are often cold, made the best use of television in 1950 with an easy informality, whereas his rival, Congressman Walter A. Lynch, ordinarily a relaxed, personable man, bored his audiences by sitting rigidly before the cameras reading manuscripts. Television is a liability for anyone who does not know how to use it.

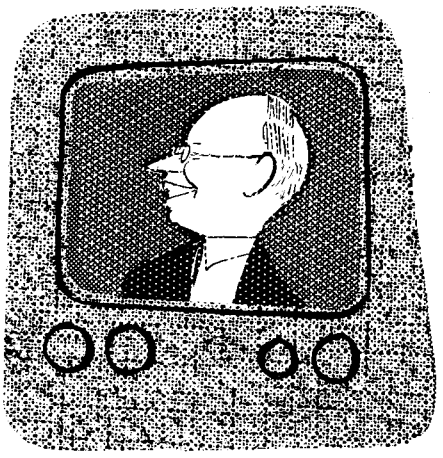
Harold Stassen staged his recent televised announcement of his candidacy very artificially. Harry Truman is sincere, but dull and uninspiring, in his formal presentations. Robert Taft is impressive in his knowledge but unmagnetic on the screen. Eisenhower's report to the people last February on his European mission was persuasive, but it remains to be seen whether his political appeal on television will be sustained and dynamic.

Exit Oratory

Old-fashioned campaign oratory will almost certainly be a casualty. Most of this year's TV electioneering will feature not long speeches but staged productions—partly documentary—in which, as a candidate discusses, say, foreign policy, the camera will shift from him to Korean scenes, or, when he talks about conservation, for instance, to movie shots of the dust bowl and Hoover Dam. In his winning campaign in California in 1950, Senator Richard G. Nixon used televised interviews with farmers, businessmen, and housewives very successfully, and both parties intend to put their Presidential candidates on such meet-the-voter programs this year.

Senator Taft in his Ohio campaign of 1950 used a televised panel show, similar to "Meet the Press," to good effect. Such rapid-fire interview programs not only have tremendous human impact, but they put candidates to an acid test far harder than any staged political rally. The candidate who braves such unrehearsed encounters and succeeds in making his points will have a chance to prove his worth to the voters in a way paralleled only by our historic nineteenth-century political debates.

Television has already influenced



the convention plans of both parties. Largely because of the needs of the networks for studio space, the 1952 Chicago conventions will be held in the International Amphitheater, near the stockyards, instead of Chicago Stadium, the customary site, which has more seats. But this is only a foretaste of the way television will change the often tedious conventions. For the sake of TV audiences a tightening of daily schedules is contemplated. Certainly monotonous seconding speeches and repetitious and halfhearted demonstrations will have to be cut down to keep the show moving.

And what about the future of campaigns? Right now hard-boiled practical politicians are wondering whether the TV "marathon," on the Dewey pattern, might not be the kind of performance a Presidential candidate ought to go all-out with on a national scale. But, they also ask each other, How about a Harding type of front-porch campaign—with the TV cameras presenting a good, homespun candidate in a rocking chair with the entire electorate for neighbors? Also, is there any further use in big rallies on the Madison Square Garden scale? Why not stage such shows in TV studios? People will probably stay home and watch anyhow, and those empty seats in the hall won't look impressive on the nation's screens. Think of the jolt to Truman if in 1948 millions of voters had been able to watch him talking to ten thousand empty seats in Ak-sar-ben Coliseum outside Omaha.

Will television do away with the "whistle-stop" campaign? If it doesn't in 1952, when, by present figures, 108 TV stations will be operating in sixty-eight areas, then it almost certainly will by 1956 or 1960, when, with the current freeze on new stations ended, there may be between two and three thousand of them operating.

Instead of spending weeks chugging from Pocatello, Idaho, to Uvalde, Texas, to Mattoon, Illinois, to be seen at each stop by a couple of thousand voters, might not a candidate be wiser to spend his time and money on intimate appearances in millions of homes? Or is there something indispensable about barnstorming through South Bend to praise the Notre Dame football team and through Rochester, Minnesota, to laud the Mayo Clinic, and otherwise seeking out and flattering local pride?

Whistle-stop campaigns will *not* disappear this year, because of vast rural areas and numerous small towns not yet within TV range. Candidates must go into these places. Moreover, politicians change their traditional ways slowly. They attach high importance not only to being seen personally but to greeting local leaders along the way.

For tomorrow, however, television's potentialities for bringing candidates face to face with the whole electorate are so great it is difficult to believe that the whistle-stop campaign will not be greatly curtailed, at least.

Caveat Spectator

Unfortunately, the cost of television poses a serious problem—not only for party finances but for political ethics. No one yet knows exactly how much TV electioneering will cost; estimates are that it will be three or four times more expensive than radio. There are at least two dangers here: that the candidate with the most money will have an unfair advantage, and that networks and sponsors will subtly acquire claims to political favors.

Television presents one final danger. We have heard that its merciless scrutiny has ended the day of the faker and the stuffed shirt in politics. The camera, it is said, will expose such men. But is it not also true that television could provide the perfect medium for the charlatan, the demagogue, the superb but spurious actor? And what of the danger that issues will be glossed over in TV spectacles and that personal shortcomings will be lacquered by glibly written scripts? *Caveat spectator*—let the viewer beware.

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Our Socialized Baby

When we first moved into our London apartment, our first problem, like that of many newly married couples these days, was whether or not to buy a television set. The answer came to us sooner than it does to most couples. Outside our windows was London's newest maternity hospital—a large modern building made almost entirely of glass. There were no shades on many of its windows, and we discovered our guests sitting for hours in rapt attention. The subject of television never came up again.

So the story of our Health Scheme baby begins. When I came to England from America, my husband, as an Englishman, was registered under the Scheme. Out of his general weekly contribution to National Insurance, about ten cents went for the Health Service. As his wife I was entitled to free medical care under the same contribution. We paid these contributions like insurance premiums, for the Health Scheme is simply a national insurance plan against accident—in this case not the accident of fire or death, but of ill health. You pay when you are well, not when you get sick.

I had heard a lot about the Health Scheme in the United States. I knew I didn't have to join it if I didn't want to. But I had decided I would. We registered with a local doctor when we moved into our apartment. It was exactly like having a private doctor, except that we never received a bill from him, and he was paid by the Scheme instead of by us.

It was our doctor who sent me to the prenatal clinic attached to the Maternity Hospital next door. I had never attended a public clinic in my life. The nearest I'd ever come to it was the infirmary at college. At the Maternity Clinic the nurse in charge of new patients was brisk, courteous, and detached. "Any rheumatic fever?"; "Married or single?" she asked, and took down the information in a large folder marked with a number.

When I came out of her office, I found myself among a great many women in various stages of pregnancy. They were standing in lines to be weighed, blood-tested, and blood-pressured. After I had been through all these lines I finally advanced to the examination room, was shown to a cubicle, and told to don a maroon robe, which for some reason had U.S. MARINES in large letters across the front.

I waited for fifteen minutes. Finally two nurses came in chatting. They both carried notebooks in which they entered notes after examining me. A doctor appeared. He smiled and greeted me, picked up my file, and glanced through it quickly. Then he listened as each nurse recited from her notebook. After his own examination he discussed their reports. This information they confided to their books, while he smiled at me again, wrote something in my folder, and told me to come back again in a month.

War and Peace as an Anesthetic

I was completely unaware that this was a teaching clinic until someone told me months later. When I left after the first visit, I had been there two hours. A few weeks later I was told about the prenatal classes. About fifteen of us met every two weeks in a room at the hospital. Everything remotely connected with childbirth came up for discussion. We were trained in the art of relaxation and given exercises to do at home. In the United States this kind of program is called Natural Childbirth, and is popular at only a few hospitals.

I checked in at the hospital for the final time one morning at about six. The receiving nurse told me that about fifty per cent of all mothers arrive between five and six A.M. I was taken to a labor ward with six beds. No anesthetics were given, but drug injections could be had on request. I did not ask for anything, as I had fortified myself with *War and Peace,* which I read for five hours. Tea was served about every half hour.

When I finally went to the delivery room, I did not know the doctor who would deliver my baby. When he came, however, I recognized him from visits to the clinic. He handed me a mask and told me to breathe into it. It was a gas-and-air machine. I used it for about twenty minutes, but put it down to watch my baby being born. Four nurses were in attendance.

After my son was born, I was removed to a large, cheerful ward of six beds. Four were already taken and the last mother came in soon after. Our babies roomed with us. Two staff nurses and two trainees attended the ward; the doctor made the rounds once a day. We could have two visitors from three to four in the afternoon, and fathers visited from seven to eight in the evening. We were kept in the hospital for two weeks.

Across from me was a girl whose husband was a ticket collector. The mother next to her had been training to be a nurse until she married a salesman. Next to her was a Dutch girl married to a Russian-born engineer. On my left was the wife of a subway driver. His train passed on the elevated tracks not far from the hospital. He always gave two loud hoots on his whistle when he went by.

After I had come home, I was called on almost at once by the local Health Visitor. She asked if I had any problems. As I claimed to have twenty-five that were absolutely urgent, she gave me details of the local Welfare Clinic for Babies and Children, where I took my baby the next day. There was no waiting. I weighed my baby and then sat down with one of the nurses to discuss his progress. She gave me advice on feeding, clothes, and training, and provided me with the Health Scheme's free orange juice and cod-liver oil.

Biased Judge

When our baby was a few weeks old, my mother flew over from Ohio to see him. There can be no more biased judge than a grandmother. Although she never said it in so many words, I do believe she went back home thinking her grandson had turned out quite respectably, considering that he had appeared under the notorious auspices of Socialized Medicine.

—Caroline DeCamp Benn

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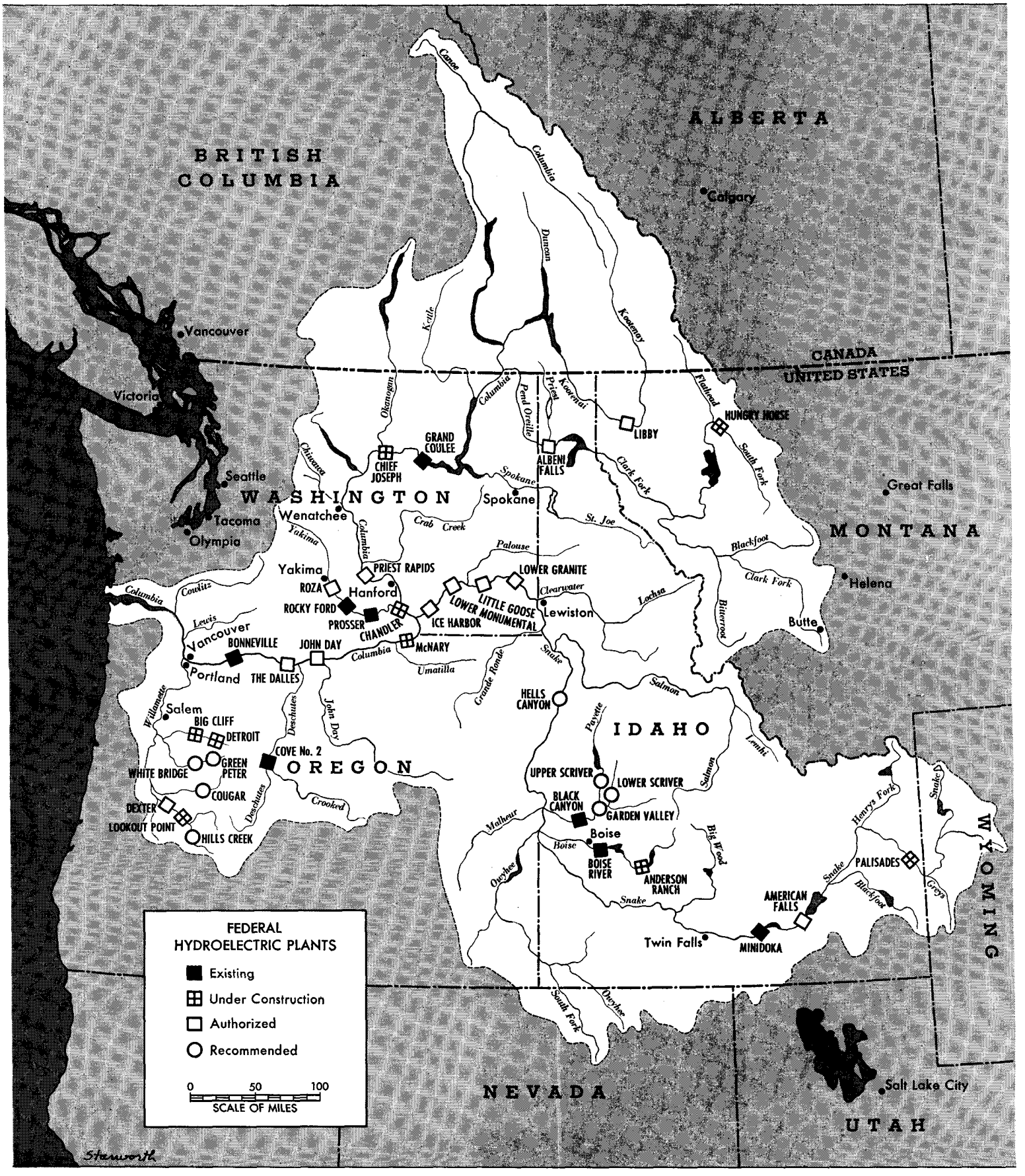

Power source: the Columbia River Basin **(see page 22)**

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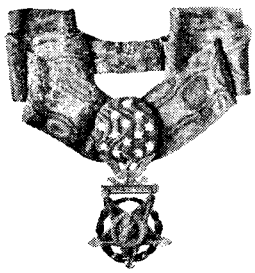
Medal of Honor



Lieutenant Frederick Henry of Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor for sacrificing himself to save his platoon in combat near Am-Dong, Korea, September 1, 1950. When the platoon could no longer hold its position, Lieutenant Henry ordered the men to pull back. But someone had to stay behind to provide covering fire. He chose to be that man, and was lost.

Always remember this—Lieutenant Henry offered his life for more than just a small platoon in far-away Korea. It was also for America. For you.

Isn't there something you can do when this man did so much? Yes, there is. You can help keep the land he loved solid and strong and secure. You can do a job for defense . . . by buying United States Defense* Bonds, *now!* For your bonds give your country greater strength. And a strong America is your best hope for peace and freedom—just as it was his.

Defense is your job, too. For the sake of *every* man in service, and for *yours*, start buying more United States Defense Bonds now.

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!

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